

CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1983

Rs. 2.00



Turn to Page 11
for the story of
'KRISHNA'



Jeevan and Hanu communicate ABOUT COMMUNICATION

1983 is being observed everywhere as World Communications Year, to help young people like you to understand the importance of communication in your lives. But what is communication? It is the act of conveying information in order to establish a relationship with another individual. It's happening right now, while you're reading this. Jeevan and Hanu are communicating with you.



Life cannot exist without communication in some form, however crude. From the simplest bacteria, through all kinds of plants and animals, all the way to the most advanced human beings... they all communicate. Using sounds,



gestures, movement, odours, contact, colours — even electrical currents.

In fact, an adult animal may have 15 to 35 different ways of expressing itself. The Central American Howling Monkey has nine distinctive cries. One warns the tribe of threatened invasion or attack. Another means 'This way to a feeding spot'. If another male disagrees, a noisy dispute will follow.

Owls signal by snapping their bills, clapping wings together — even 'singing'. Owl-songs range from deep hoots to chirps, whistles and warblings. An endangered 'Burrowing' owl will imitate a rattlesnake's warning buzz. Courting Wood Owls engage in bowing, dancing and bobbing. In defence, they will fluff up their feathers, half-spreading their wings, while rocking their bodies and snapping their bills. Who wouldn't be scared?

The honeybee's dance informs other bees about new-found food sources. A long lively dance indicates rich food. A tail-wagging 'round' dance signals that food is nearby. 10 cycles to indicate a distance of 100 metres, 1 cycle for 10,000 metres. If the direction of the food is towards the sun, the bee will do an upward tail-wagging dance. It's body's angle against the hive-face indicates the angle of flight. This dance is also performed by 'scouts' to advertise the discovery of a new hive-site.



Animals and birds may not be able to speak — but they do manage to say a lot!

**Life Insurance is the
safest surest way to
protect your future.**



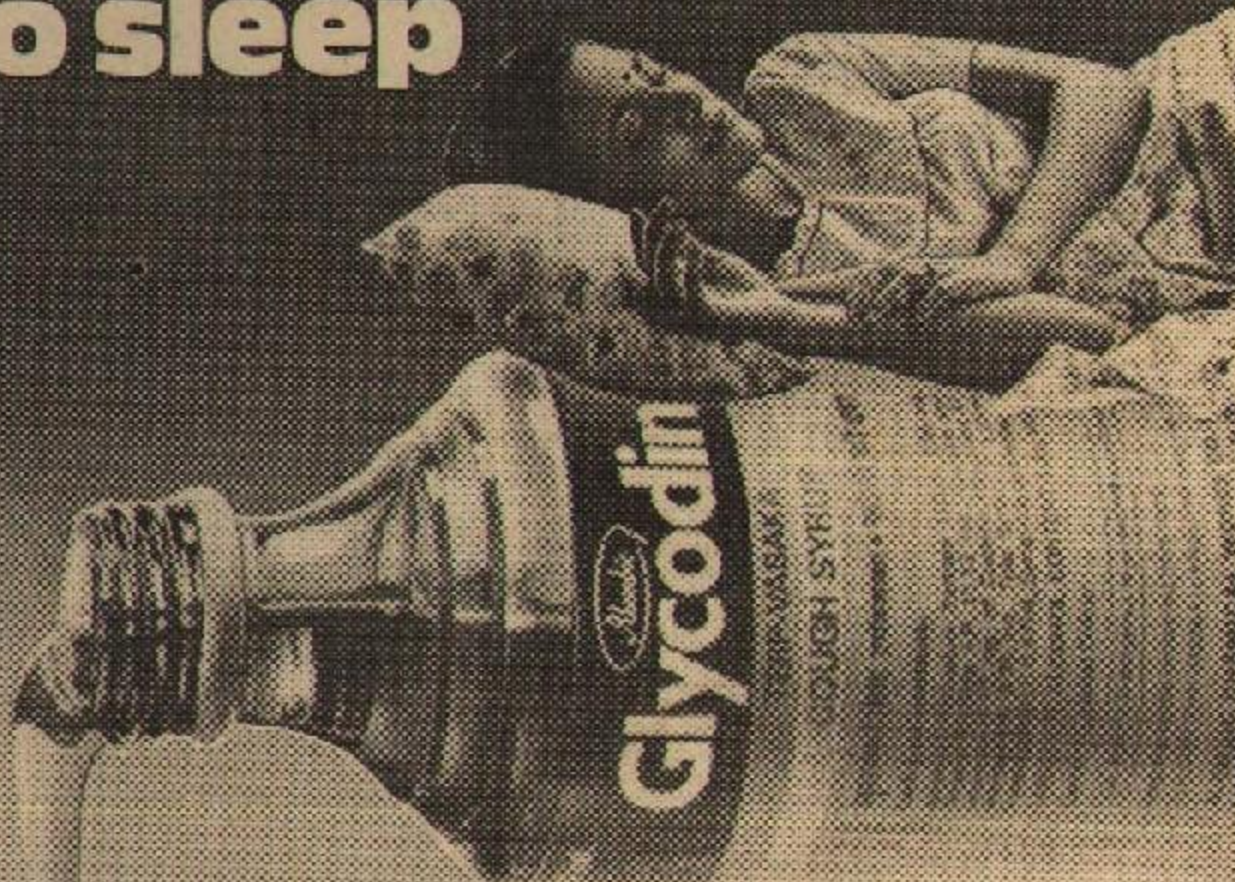
1983

WORLD COMMUNICATIONS YEAR

**Life Insurance
Corporation of India**



Glycodin puts your cough to sleep



The
delightful tasting
cough syrup
trusted for
generations

- controls the cough reflex in your brain
- relieves the irritation in your throat
- clears the congestion in your lungs
- eases the strained muscles in your chest

**Glycodin — the trusted
cough silencer
that works 4 ways.**

Wake up to a whole new comfort.



DIAMOND COMICS

REAL PACKS OF ENTERTAINMENT AND FUN...



**MOTOO
PATLU
IN
ISLAND OF
DIAMONDS**

3.50



**DABOOJI'S
LEADER-
SHIP
HANGOVER**

3.50



**Chacha
Bhatija
and
Song of
Death**

3.50

**Fauladi
Singh
and
Stars
War**



3.50

**Lamboo
Motoo
and
Limbo's
Dracula**



5/-

**Chacha
Chaudhry
and
Sabu's
Shoes**



5/-

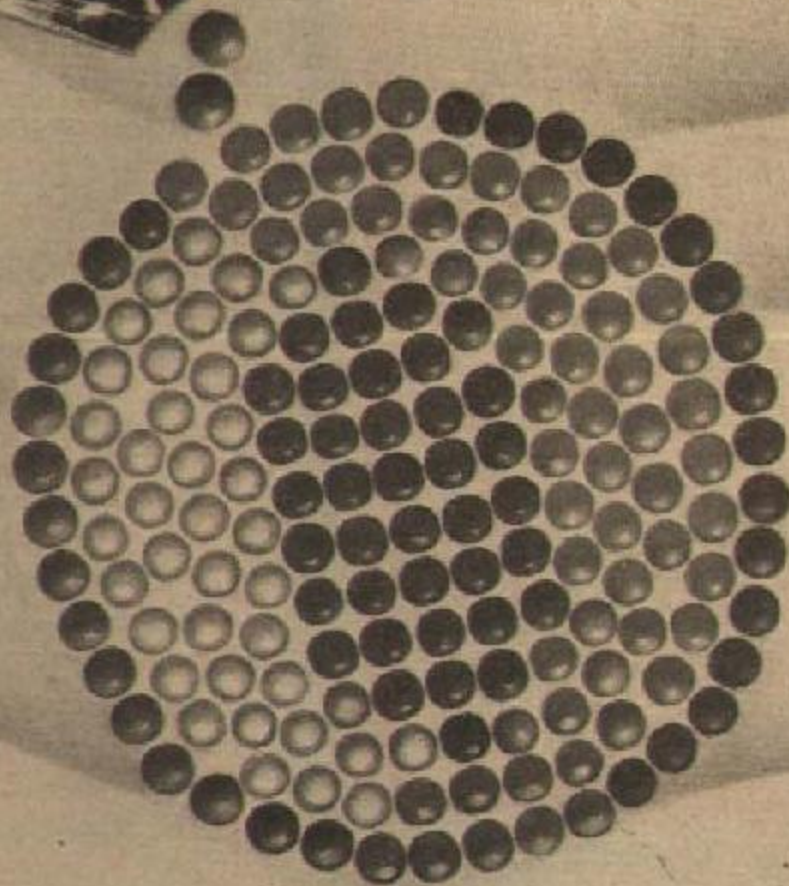
AVAILABLE IN HINDI ALSO:

Motu Patlu in Lunatic Asylum		Lamboo Motoo & Blood Bath	3.50
Motu Patlu in Ghols Den	3.50	Lamboo Motoo & Dreaded Warware	3.50
Motu Patlu & Asian Games	3.50	Lamboo Motoo & Operation Liquidation	3.50
Motu Patlu & Fishing Adventure	3.50	Lamboo Motoo & Band of Traitors	3.50
Pinki & Bubbles	3.50	Rajan Iqbal and Ferocious Culprit	3.50
Pinki & Complimentary Fruits	3.50	Rajan Iqbal & The Counter Feiters	3.50
Pinki & Granney Story Exchange	3.50	Rajan Iqbal & Black Devo	3.50
Mad Mad Mad world of Billoo	3.50	Rajan Iqbal & Deadly Diversion	3.50
Billoo-III	3.00	Chacha Chaudhry &	
Billoo-II	3.00	Sabu on Dark Island	3.50
Billoo-I	3.00	Chacha Chaudhry & Attachon Sabu	3.50
Tauji & Shakral's Princess	3.50	Chacha Chaudhry & Lakkar	
Tauji & Greedy Magician	3.50	Bagha Singh, The Hunter	3.50
Tauji & Stupendous Conspiracy	3.50	Chacha Bhatija & Demon 'Queen	3.50
Tauji & Magic Wand	3.50	Chacha Bhatija in Realms of Pluto	3.50
Tauji & Hypnotist Sambha	3.50	Chacha Bhatija in Apeland	3.50
Fauladi Singh & The Incandiaries	3.50	Mama Bhanja & Crafty Trader	3.50
Fauladi Singh & Space Titan	3.50	Mama Bhanja & Hypnotic Pond	3.50
Fauladi Singh & Rebellion of Globe	3.50	Mama Bhanja & The Revoulationaries	3.50
Fauladi Singh & Dreamland Supremo	3.50		

Diamond Comics pvt.ltd. 2715 Darya Ganj New Delhi-110002



"Hurray, hurray, it's a holiday
Hurray, hurray, it's time to play
So get your pail and your beachball
And don't forget Gems for one and all!"



Got a moment? Get a Gem!



Cadbury's
Chocolates

Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems!

NEXT ISSUE

- * *The Call from the Valley—in Story of Krishna*
- * *Rise of Shivaji—in Story of India*
- * *Of Seven Learned Judges—in Towards a Brighter Personality*
- * *Did it happen in Philadelphia?—an Unsolved Mystery*

AND MORE



Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications), 188 Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 (India)

The stories, articles and designs contained herein are exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.

Vol.14 AUGUST 1983 No.2

IN THIS ISSUE

Mythology:

Mystery of the Missing Cream ... Page 11

Stories:

Puzzle of the Ivory Box ... Page 16

The Devil's Fun—an Arabian Nights story ... Page 36

The King's Dilemma ... Page 39

The Strange Adventure of Gavriolo—an Italian tale ... Page 45

A Half-Hour Test—an Indian legend ... Page 50

Marya and the Magic Doll—a tale from Finland ... Page 52

Picture Stories:

The Prince and the Pauper ... Page 27

Aurangzeb Usurps the Throne ... Page 57

Features:

The Most Marvellous Machine ... Page 32

Friend of the Vultures ... Page 34

The Unsolved Mystery of the Strangers from a Sun-less land! ... Page 61

AND Newsflash, Contests, Let Us Know and More!





LOOKING FOR THE OLD GOLD

A bunch of old tales, remarkable for their plots as well as illustrations, appeared in *Chandamama* years ago. Readers of the new generation who chance upon an old copy of the magazine yearn to have some of those stories again. We obliged them with a selection from such classics among folktales in our July number and two more of them we give in this number. We believe that classics deserve to be told again and again, but we have a bumper crop of stories and we cannot repeat the old ones—except for once in many years. An exciting crop of fresh stories is awaiting your attention in the coming issues.

Answers to Contest 'B' announced in July '83

Most of the entries were correct. Awards go to the following who while stating the principle of Yoga, also stated that Yoga meant union with the Divine.

The six systems of Indian philosophy are: Yoga, Samkhya, Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Purva Mimamsa and Uttera Mimamsa (Vedanta).

Winners: Puneet Mital, Agra; B.Rajnee, Trichy; R.V.Reddy, Hyderabad; K.N.Venkata Subramaniam, Madras.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यः समुत्पतितं क्रोधं क्षमयैव निरस्यति ।
यथोरगस्त्वचं जीर्णं स वै पुरुष उच्यते ॥

*Yah samutpatitam krodham kshamayaiva nirasyati
yathoragastvacam jirnam sa vai purusha ucyate*

Just as a serpent casts off its old skin with an effort, a man should get rid of his anger by practising control over himself.

The Ramayanam

THEIR MEMORABLE ADVENTURES

(We received a good number of entries for Contest A June '83 and many of them were interesting. But while some did not suit the spirit of the magazine, some others were obviously imaginary stories. What is expected is the reader's personal experience. Reproduced here are the two prize-winning entries—Editor)

An Escape to Remember

Driving to Gomia from Ranchi, we had just crossed the ghats and reached the jungle area, notorious for its wild animals and dacoits. We soon ran into a dead end. The sounds of the animals and rain were frightening. We finally found a road leading to a tottering, low-built bridge, made of planks! When we reached the middle of the bridge, we found a plank missing. Going over the gap would be dangerous. Our plans to reverse the car were foiled; that part of the bridge had collapsed. With no alternative, we proceeded cautiously. Though our front wheels moved over, our rear wheels got stuck. Frantic attempts to dislodge the wheels proved futile. We prayed fervently to Hanuman.



Finally with Dad's supreme effort and expertise our car crossed the gaping hole. Just as we reached the road, the whole bridge collapsed behind us, with a resounding crash!

—Rajshree Gopalan, Bombay.

An Unfair Bargain

We were climbing the hills—myself ahead of my parents. Suddenly a big monkey snatched away my bag that contained a bunch of bananas and, among other things, a gold necklace. Only one banana fell off which I pocketed.



My parents were shocked. They went to look for the monkey in one direction—I with my dog went in another.

Suddenly I fell flat on the ground. I had stepped on some banana peels. Our dog sniffed at them and led me to the bag and its contents lying scattered—but the necklace was not to be seen.

I was tired. Stooping to splash water from a pond onto my face, I was startled to see the reflection of two monkeys fighting on the nearby tree—for the necklace.

I remembered my banana and threw it at them. The duel for the necklace ended and a duel for the banana began.

The necklace fell down. I was delighted, but of course it was an unfair bargain—a banana for a gold necklace!

—A. Parthava, Madras.



NEWS- FLASH



Voice from a Star?

What happened on the night of June 22 last year in a room in a Spanish town is now making news. Javier Bosque, a seminary student at Logrono, sat in bed reading when the windows of his room swung open and an oval-shaped silver light, two feet in diameter, floated in. Bosque's radio (by then the local radio station had gone off the air) suddenly let out a bleating cry. Bosque switched on his cassette-recorder.

What was recorded is intriguing. Nuclear physicist Willy Smith says, "The skeptics were dumbfounded. They obviously realised that only the most sophisticated and expensive equipment could produce a sound like that. It's not the sort of thing a seminary student in rural Spain would even attempt to fake."

In other words, it could be the sound—or message—from a flying saucer!

No Monkey-Business!

In Yunan, China, a monkey created a scene in a bazar by impatiently chattering and making gestures asking people to follow him. A crowd followed him. He led them to a lonely spot where lay a man, just murdered. In another few minutes he caught hold of two men in the crowd. Police investigation proved that they were the killers. The monkey was the murdered man's pet. This incident has set many thinking that like dogs, trained monkeys can perhaps be used in detection of crimes.



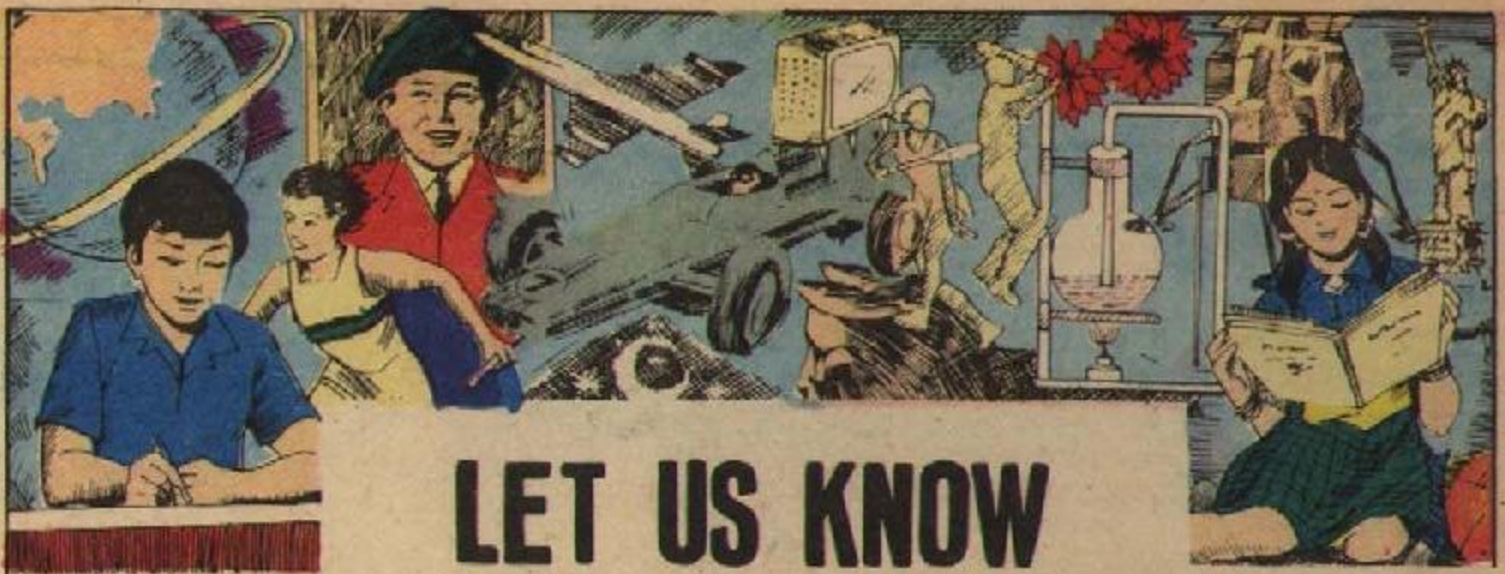
The Talking Seal

The only talking seal anywhere in the world is to be currently seen at the New England Aquarium, Boston. His name is Hoover.

"Hello, come over here!" the 10-year-old spotted seal exclaims at times. "How are you?" is his other favourite speech. When he is tired, he says, "Get out of here!"

Nobody has taught him this feat. Authorities believe that the seal got by heart what some Bostonians spoke there. He speaks with a Boston accent!





LET US KNOW

What are India's oldest literary languages?

—Shobha Sarkar, Calcutta.

Sanskrit and Tamil.

What are the world's biggest and the smallest birds?

—B.S.Rao, Guntur.

The North African Ostrich found between Upper Senegal and the Sudan. One bird weigh 345 pounds and can be 9 feet tall. The bee-hummingbird or the fairy hummer, weighing about 2 grams and having a wing-span a little over one inch, is the smallest bird—found in Cuba.

I do not understand the difference between Anglo-Indian and Indo-Anglian. Can you define the terms?

—Radha Bhonsley, Bombay.

Anglo-Indian refers to those descending from parents one of whom was English and the other Indian. Indo-Anglian is a literary term—referring to Indian writing in English.

What is cold war?

—Shubhendu Mohanty, Koraput

When two countries do not go to real war, but behave as each other's enemy, each trying to weaken the other and speaking against the other and trying to make it nervous it is said that a state of cold war is prevailing.



(Story so far: While the demon-king of Mathura, Kamsa, suspects that the little Krishna is his foe of the prophecy, Krishna grows up at Gopa, making all enamoured of him.)

8. MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CREAM!

As days passed, Yasoda and Rohini found it impossible to control Krishna and Balarama. When the two kids wished to have their way, they proved swift as the wind. It was well nigh impossible even for the swiftest palace-maids to catch them.

And when they hid, even the cleverest sleuth failed to trace

them. They had acquainted themselves with every nook and corner of the palace. The granary, the garden, the vast orchards with the bushes that sheltered the jackals, the stone steps descending into the pond where tortoises were found floating—were places as familiar to them as their toy-rack.

There was nothing much to



worry if their world was limited to that much. But they thought themselves to be the monarchs over all the neighbouring houses too! If a potful of fresh butter was found missing from one household, the thick paste of cream had clean disappeared from the milk-pot in the household next.

And not only the two little princes would not betray each other, but also they had enrolled the support of all the little boys of Gopa. The gang of infants-terrible threatened the peace of the kitchens and store-rooms of the sweet sleepy village.

One day while Queen Yasoda stood in a hall she saw a number of neighbouring women approaching her. There was nothing unusual in that. They loved to chitchat with her. In fact the whole of Gopa was like one large family. But this time the visitors looked rather troubled—as if they were feeling shy to say something which they knew they ought to say.

“Come, sisters, is it something special that has brought you here?” asked Yasoda.

“Well, yes, something unusual, we must confess. It is about Balarama and Krishna, rather Krishna and Balarama,



for Krishna, though younger, seems to be master-minding the mischief," fumbled out one of them.

"Mischief?" asked Yasoda feigning surprise though the report was no news to her.

"Yes, mischief..."

"Mischief, stark mischief..."

"And mischief non-stop..."

All were ready with the accounts of their trouble with the boys. And each one was too excited to let the others pour out their grievances first before their queen.

"I understand, I understand. The two naughty boys are doing havoc with your milk, butter,

cream or curd. But can't you manage to hang your pots high enough—beyond the reach of the boys?" demanded Yasoda.

"We have tried that, O Queen, we have! But it was of no avail!" several of them spoke together.

"You surprise me!" commented the queen.

"We are no less surprised ourselves!" said the women.

"Here comes Krishna. I will punish him before you all," said the queen, looking at the smiling child emerging from one of the doors. "Now I ask you to spread out and guard all the doors of the hall so that he





cannot escape!"

Krishna, a peacock-feather stuck to his bejewelled coronet and gold trinklets hanging from his waist, came running towards Yasoda. His arms were raised, for he desired to be taken into his mother's arms.

But Yasoda stood tense, her hands resting on her waist, showing no sign to oblige the child.

At once a dozen arms were raised. Each one of those women guarding the doors was eager to take him to her arms.

Krishna advanced towards one, but giggled and retraced his steps as she was about to

take hold of him, and ran towards yet another. All burst into resonant peals of laughter and each became an enthusiastic and enchanted party to the play. Krishna would touch them and slip away.

This went on for minutes, Yasoda alone standing as the witness. What happened to those women? Where is their rancour?

But she could not keep wondering for long. Their joy overwhelmed her. She did not know when suddenly she stepped forward, stooped and picked up her Krishna.

After a final peal of laughter the ladies dispersed. They would have been at a total loss of wit if someone would have asked them what happened to their complaint.

But they were dispersing with immense joy and contentment!

It took another day for Queen Yasoda to find out the mystery of the missing cream from the vessel suspended far above the reach of any of the boys. She had herself arranged for the vessel to be protected like that.

It was evening. She happened to return from the river earlier than expected. She sensed some

activity going on inside the room adjacent to her kitchen. Taking soft and slow steps, she peeped in through the window.

It was a sight she could never have visualised. There were four or five boys, one kneeling on the other. On top stood Krishna, in the process of throwing his hand into the pot. The amused Yasoda stood speechless. But as soon as Krishna saw her, he jumped down. The startled boys dismantled their strategy and then all made a beeline for the door.

A little later Balarama came running to Yasoda and said excitedly, "Auntie! Krishna had swallowed up a handful of earth because he could not swallow any cream!"

"Is that so?" Yasoda went out into the verandah behind the

kitchen and found out Krishna.

"You naughty boy! Open your mouth!" commanded the queen kneeling down and holding Krishna by his arms. Krishna kept his mouth shut—his cheeks looking puffed up.

"How much earth can your mouth contain?" asked the mother, slightly pressing the child's tender cheeks.

Krishna opened his mouth for the mother to measure its content.

The mother looked. She forgot to breath at what she saw.

For she saw not only the earth but also the universe in her child's gape—the stars and the sun and the clouds and the whirlwinds.

It happened only for a twinkle of an eye. Still holding on to Krishna's arms, Mother Yasoda swooned away.



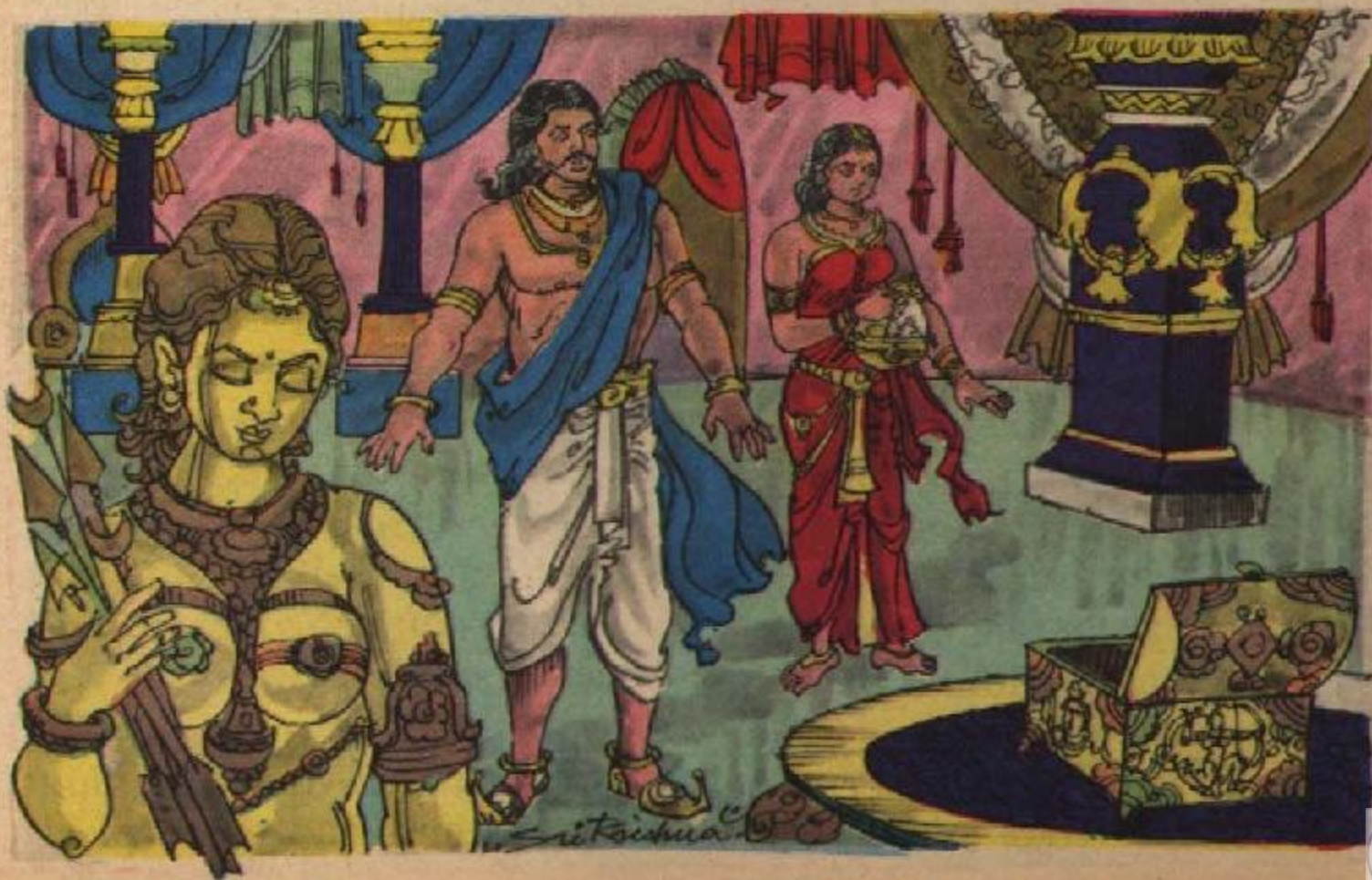
PUZZLE OF THE IVORY BOX

—By Randor Guy

King Parakram was deeply disturbed and agitated. Life in his prosperous kingdom Mallipuram had always been placid, peaceful and pleasant. His citizens never knew the pangs of poverty. Everyone was provided with opportunities for work and advancement in life. Brighter and hard-working citizens fared better and of course no one suffered. As a king ruling such a kingdom like Mallipuram even small untoward happenings upset Para-

kram immensely. Like this one.....

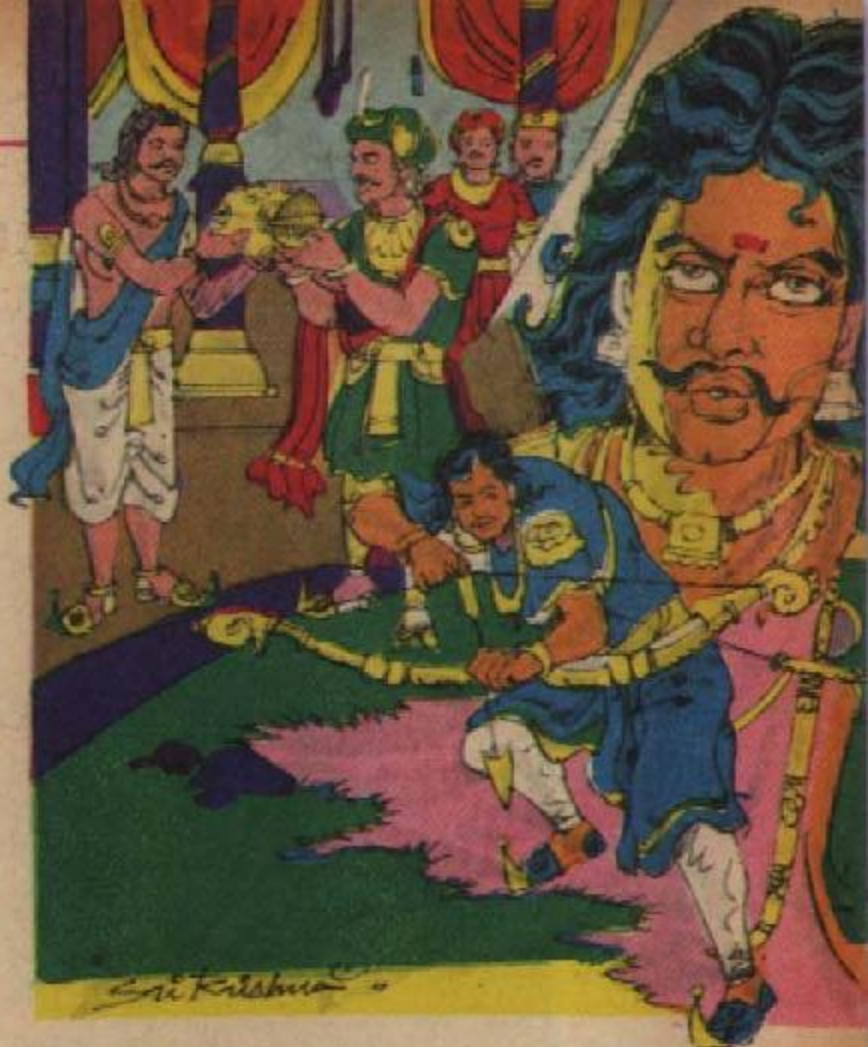
The chief archer of King Parakram named Banava had just returned with his wife Malini from a pilgrimage to the holy places on the banks of the sacred river Ganga. On returning home Banava was shocked to find that his precious ivory chest had been broken open and all the contents removed. The ivory chest was a brilliant piece of art with intricate carvings depicting scenes from ancient



epics. It was rectangular in shape and its inside was lined with tiny circular mirrors. It was specially prepared by a craftsman, expert at ivory carving, under orders from King Dhairyapala, Parakram's father. When Parakram was young Banava had taught him archery and trained him to become an expert in the art of handling the bow and arrow. In appreciation of the chief archer's services, Dhairyapala had presented Banava with the carved ivory chest after filling it with invaluable diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls and such precious stone. To Banava the ivory chest had a sentimental value and he had always treated it as an object of reverence.

And now that very ivory chest had been broken open and the precious stones stolen while he was away on a holy trip. No wonder King Parakram was deeply disturbed. He paced up and down his private chamber, his eyes avoiding Banava who stood in a corner, pale with remorse. Parakram was so much moved that he did not have the heart to look at his dear friend, teacher and chief archer.

"Banava, your grief is mine



and Malini's tears shall not go in vain. In our kingdom no crime shall go unpunished."

"But, your majesty, we do not know who is the person responsible for this misdeed!" Banava spoke in soft whispers.

"Dear Banava, that does not worry me. I have sent for our wise minister Sidhanta. He shall be here any moment and he has never failed in solving any puzzle or mystery."

Sidhanta walked into the chamber softly, his fingers fondling his silvery grey beard. With a glance at his king and the chief archer he knew that something greatly amiss had taken place.

"My dear Sidhanta, something that should never happen in our kingdom has happened. You know the ivory chest my dear departed father had presented Banava. Someone has tampered with it during his absence and the treasure inside is gone." "Wise minister, Banava will now tell all that had happened and it is for you to find out the culprit. Sidhanta, from what I know finding the culprit is not going to be easy. Indeed, it will be a great challenge to your wisdom, intellect and investigative skills. I know you have never failed and I only hope you will not make a begin-

ning now in that direction."

"My lord, life is full of challenges. Hardwork, proper use of our skills and wisdom never fail." Sidhanta smiled softly at Parakram and nodded at Banava. Banava began to tell all about his ivory chest and the loss of his priceless treasure.

Sidhanta walked around the room in Banava's house where the ivory chest had been kept for years. The chest now rested rather sadly on an artistically made rose-wood table in a corner of the room. The wise old minister noticed that the room had no windows and he knew



that whoever had committed the crime must have entered through the only door. Banava's house was fairly large and while he was away on his pilgrimage the house had not been locked. His disciples and other friends visited the house everyday to take care of its maintenance and cleanliness. There were also two dogs which were let loose inside the house at night. In spite of the clever animals keeping watch someone had entered and taken away the precious stones. Who would have done it? Sidhanta stopped walking suddenly and his fingers pulled at his beard, a gesture which meant that he was beginning to think hard!

He walked out of the room fast and met Banava who was sharpening a quiver of arrows.

"Banava, can you give me the answer to what I have in my mind?"

"Most certainly, Sir," Banava replied.

"Are your dogs let free every night without exception?" Banava nodded.

"You told me that your disciple Athi Veera was the first person to notice the theft, is that right? Did he tell you anything about the behaviour of the dogs



during the night of the theft?"

"He told me that it was a very silent and calm night and he slept right through. He did not hear the dogs barking. That surprised him."

Sidhanta smiled and pulled at his beard.

"Banava, may be it is not that surprising!"

"Sir, I do not understand."

"You will when I find the culprit and tell you all about him," Sidhanta smiled again and went back to the room to continue his work.

Leaning over the rosewood table without touching it, Sidhanta gazed at the ivory

chest for a long, long time. Slowly he walked around the table looking at the chest from various angles. Truly the chest was a work of art and its contents had obviously tempted a weak minded person. Who was he? He wondered. Suddenly he shouted, "Banava, will you please come here for a moment?" At once Banava came running into the room and stood before Sidhanta.

"Banava, I need some coal powder immediately. Get me some bits of coal we use for our fires and ask somebody to beat them into fine powder."

Banava stood rather puzzled.

"Sir, you need coal powder? Sorry for asking you...."

"Banava, I know what is passing in your mind. You wonder why I need powdered coal to find the culprit. In the hands of the wise even a tuft of grass can become a sword of steel. Please get me what I need and leave me alone."

Later Sidhanta shut himself inside the room and began to spray the black coal powder all over the ivory chest. When he had finished he moved back and smiled with satisfaction at what he saw. And then suddenly he stared and the smile vanished. Moving closer to the chest he



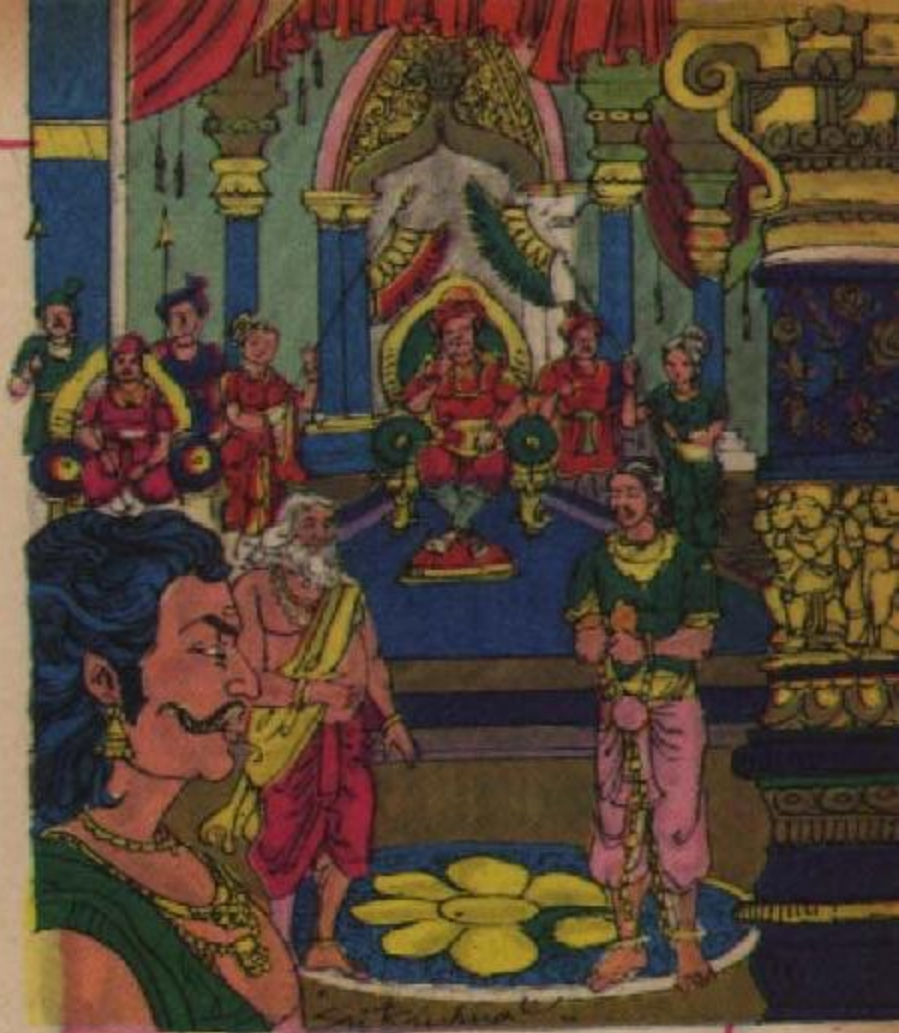
bent low and observed it. His hands were now pulling harder at the beard. Slowly he began to smile again.

"So simple, yet I very nearly missed it! Perhaps I am really getting old!" he whispered to himself and walked out of the room, smiling.

Banava stared at the man standing in the corner of the king's private chamber. The man's feet and hands were tied with chains and he hung his head in shame and guilt. King Parakram, Sidhanta and a few other courtiers sat in the chamber.

"Your Majesty, when our wise minister Sidhanta revealed the indentivity of the thief to me I could scarcely believe my ears. Dhushana, my own disciple, turning out to be the thief.... almost incredible." Banava bowed to the king and Sidhanta.

"Banava," Sidhanta smiled, "truth is almost always incredible. At first I was also intrigued by the theft, then came the first clue from your dogs. When you told me that your dogs did not bark during that night it became evident that whoever was the thief he was most likely a familiar figure in your house. Some-



one whose smell was well-known to your dogs. That was the reason why they did not bark. I knew that the thief was someone belonging to your circle. Then came the powdered coal exercise. Years ago when I was a student I had to learn all the sixty four arts of our ancient land. One of them was the study of the hand, the lines on our palms, the curls on our fingers, the thin line or ridges you can see on our finger tips. All these tell a story about the man. I then found that the patterns on the human fingers vary from person to person and no two human beings ever have the

same patterns. This secret was known to our ancients too. By using powdered coal the prints of the fingers touching your ivory chest could be clearly seen. I knew which ones were yours and your wife's. There were the finger-prints of one stranger. As I was examining the various finger patterns of the stranger, I noticed that the thumb had no patterns or ridges. This was indeed amazing." Sidhanta paused looking at the king.

"Sidhanta, why did you stop? It's most interesting. Please proceed." King Parakram waved his hand smiling at his minister.

"Your Majesty, as I said, the thumb with no patterns had me stumped for a while. I thought over and over and then it struck me that the person had worn a false thumb. Someone who perhaps had lost his thumb in

archery. On enquiry from Banava's disciples I came to know that Dhushana had lost his thumb in an archery contest and since then he had been using a false thumb. The rest of course was easy. When confronted with my logical deduction Dhushana confessed to the crime.

"Sidhanta, you are great and marvellous!" King Parakram clapped his hands in sheer admiration. Others followed.

Dhushana was tried for the theft and sentenced to hard labour for life. King Parakram presented his wise minister with invaluable gifts at a function held in his honour at court. Banava was happy to have got his treasure back which was found buried in Dhushana's backyard. In token of his admiration he gifted Sidhanta with a large, priceless diamond.



My Favourite Story – **THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD** —By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

As gifted a poet as his celebrated elder sister, Sarojini Naidu, Dr Harindranath Chattopadhyaya is also a stage and screen artist, painter and orator. It is a rare tribute to his talent that the Cambridge University allowed him to work for his Ph.D. though he had no formal degree. **Virgins and Vineyards** and **Life and Myself** are among his several works. He was awarded **Padma Bhushan** in 1973.

"Here is a small story for children I have always loved—and loved, too, to share with lots of kids," he says. Now he has written down the story for the readers of **Chandamama**.)

Under the marble blue sky quietly lay a peasant village which spread a little beyond its populated area, green fields that seemed to enjoy being green and to have a chance to compare notes with the blue of the sky.

Nature is beautiful, you have

to admit; yet, to those who toil and sweat as peasants do in the fields, she might cease to have the meaning of beauty if she fails to help to ripen harvests and make the field laugh with plenty. Children, do not believe that only rain plays an urgent part in bringing about harvests;





gathering the harvest they had sown with friendly co-operation, were now on their way back to their respective huts; there were little children among them gaily singing and holding on to their mothers to feel cosy and safe.

But one little fellow was deeply interested in chasing butterflies; some butterflies had large tremulous wings of black spotted with white; some were orange and white while others were just white spotted with red. What a glorious thing is a butterfly! It is a "flutterby" which is like a beautiful poem! It is a flower that flies, even as a flower is a butterfly that cannot fly.

The peasants walked back towards their huts which were quite a few miles away from the fields. But peasants are used to walking miles and miles, and the roads were used to their foot-falls without which they would not feel comfortable.

The little fellow who was chasing butterflies suddenly found that he had gone quite a distance without realising that his mother had gone in the opposite direction. Then suddenly, he felt nervous. "Mother!

you must not forget the sweat trickling down the dark brown backs and the chests and the temples of the peasants. They expect reward for their toil.

Anyway, let us recount a story which I wish every little boy and girl to know and remember always and always and always.

One evening, the sun was setting after hard toil like the peasant's. Indeed, the sun might well be called the lonely Peasant of the Sky, who toils alone in order to bring about a rare harvest of stars! Yes, the sun was setting and the peasants, both men and women, after

Mother!" he shouted but, by that time the sun had completely set.

The air resounded with the boy's voice shouting "Mother! Mother!" to sounds of sobbing: the road was lonely, the fields were lonely, everything around was both lonely and silent.

When, fortunately from the opposite direction, appeared a ripe-apple-coloured hefty peasant who had a voice which was the echo of a thunderclap. "Why are you sobbing, little lad?" he enquired with great assurance of help in his voice. "I want my Mother", the little boy sobbed, his breath almost failing

him.

"How does your mother look like?" asked the peasant.

"She is beautiful," replied the boy.

"Don't bother! said the ripe-apple-coloured peasant; and then a beautiful woman happened to appear on the road. "Is *she* your mother? she is beautiful!" "No,! No! No! my Mother is the most beautiful woman in the world!" Soon, another woman happened to pass by: "Is that your mother?" The boy shouted, "No, No, No! my mother is the most beautiful woman in the world!"

One after another, it so



chanced that woman after woman passed by, one more beautiful than or as beautiful as another.

But the boy was restless and sad and full of nervous fear that he may not be able to find his mother again!

No! No! No! — the law of love fulfils itself if one believed in it.

The boy saw a woman coming toward him and he jumped for joy and shrieked at the top of his voice. "*That's my Mother!* she has come, my Mother at last!"

The ripe-red-apple-faced peasant roared with laughter,

and when the heavens heard it they wondered what had happened on the earth!

The woman, the boy's mother, was a very ordinary-looking peasant woman. She had even lost one of her eyes and her face had been tanned by hard sun.

"Your Mother? God! The most beautiful woman in the world?" and he roared and roared with laughter.

"Yes, she *is* the most beautiful woman in the world—*my* mother!" said the boy in a voice which seemed to hold inside it all the flowers of childhood's springtime.



"The Prince and the Pauper"

(At last, the beggar boy, Tom Canty, the King Edward have resumed their respective positions after being forced to change indentities. But Edward has still to prove his indentity beyond doubt.)

Rushing to the armour, he pulled away the arm piece and the Great Seal fell to the floor at his feet. For a long time all those who were gathered there, regarded it in stunned silence.



The hush was broken by a shout from the Lord Protector, "Long live the King!" He then turned a gaze upon Tom which was terrible to see. "Let this small varlet be stripped and flung into the Tower!"





"I will not have it so," Edward said steadily. "It is my order that none shall lay a hand upon him to harm him." At which point Tom Canty went on his knees before the true king. "Now is the time, sire, to take back your garments. Then give back to Tom, your servant, his rags."



"The matter of what is to be done with this lad will be dealt with later," the Lord Protector said more gently. "In the meantime you must return to Westminster forthwith to attend your coronation." The sumptuous Robe of State was removed from Tom's shoulders and placed upon the king, effectively hiding his rags. "Now, to your coronation, sire," said the Lord Protector.



Strangely, Edward's thoughts were not on his coronation as he made his way to Westminster. Instead, they were on Miles Hendon, the man who had befriended him in his hour of need. If I knew where he could be found, Edward thought, all could be happily resolved.

As it happened, Miles Hendon was searching for Edward. Hour after hour, he tramped through back alleys and squalid streets, but never finding a trace of the boy.





Exhausted to a point almost beyond endurance, Miles finally sank down on a stone bench by the Palace – a shelter for sentinels in bad weather. He had hardly seated himself when two policemen, passing by, promptly arrested him as a suspicious character.

Then, circumstances ordained that at that very moment Edward should pass by on his way back from his coronation. Taking his hat off, Miles prepared to bow, only to stop in bewilderment when his gaze fell upon the face of the King.



Is it a dream? Hendon thought. Is he truly King of England, and not the poor beggar boy I took him for? He started forward and was instantly seized. Hearing the sounds of a disturbance, Edward in turn gazed upon Miles Hendon. "Harm not that man!" he called out in ringing tones. "Bring him, but peacefully, into the Palace."





In this manner was Edward reunited with his friend who had served him so well in those days when all believed he was but a witless beggar boy. For this loyal service Edward made him Earl of Kent, with gold and lands to go with the dignity bestowed upon him.



After this service had been performed, Tom Canty was brought before the king. Now simply, but richly clad and preceded by an usher. All those present, including Tom himself, wondered what Edward had in store for him.

As Tom knelt before him, Edward rose to his feet and said in a loud, clear voice: "Let it be known that from this time henceforth Tom Canty has the throne's support and shall be known and called by the honourable title of the The King's Ward. He shall abide in the shelter of Christ's Hospital, where he shall in due course become one of its governors."



Such was Edward's mercy and kindness that Tom's mother and sister were found and also given permission to abide in the shelter of Christ's Hospital. Tom Canty's father was never heard of again, which was a blessing, for he would have been hanged. As it was, no cloud marred the happy days the Canty family spent at Christ's Hospital.



Young Edward VI, lived only a few more years, poor lad, but Tom Canty lived to be a very old but handsome white haired fellow, remembered to the end of his days as The King's Ward.

—The End



HERE COMES THE GREAT KNIGHT

Never in the history of world literature there has been a character like him. Inimitable, unique, fantastic—are the adjectives used to describe him.

HE IS DON QUIXOTE

While we bid goodbye to our *Prince and the Pauper* in this issue, we welcome the unusual hero who appears in the pages of your magazine—through elegant pictures—from the next issue.

**ENJOY THE ADVENTURES OF
DON QUIXOTE!**

THE MOST MARVELLOUS MACHINE

*To get his wealth, he spent his
health,
And then with might and main
He turned around and spent his
wealth
To get his health again.*

Grandpa!" Rajesh called out when he heard him reciting this for the third time during the day.

"Yes, boy!"

"You seem much impressed by that verse!"

"I wish you were impressed instead of I. Well, Rajesh, you are intelligent and you ought to

have got the hint. I see you don't do any exercise. Is that right?" Grandpa sounded demanding.

"Who said I don't? Every Saturday we do mass-exercises in the school compound."

"You are taught those exercises every Saturday so that you can practise them every day. Are you that naive to think that a period of exercises once a week was enough for physical fitness?"

"Well, grandpa, I have never given much thought to the question of physical fitness. After all



what is important is the mental fitness."

"Rajesh, I suspected that you were the victim of some such wrong notion. Apart from the fact that it is your body that houses your mind and if your body is unfit your mind is bound to be influenced by that, you are under a greater delusion," Grandpa commented in a stern manner.

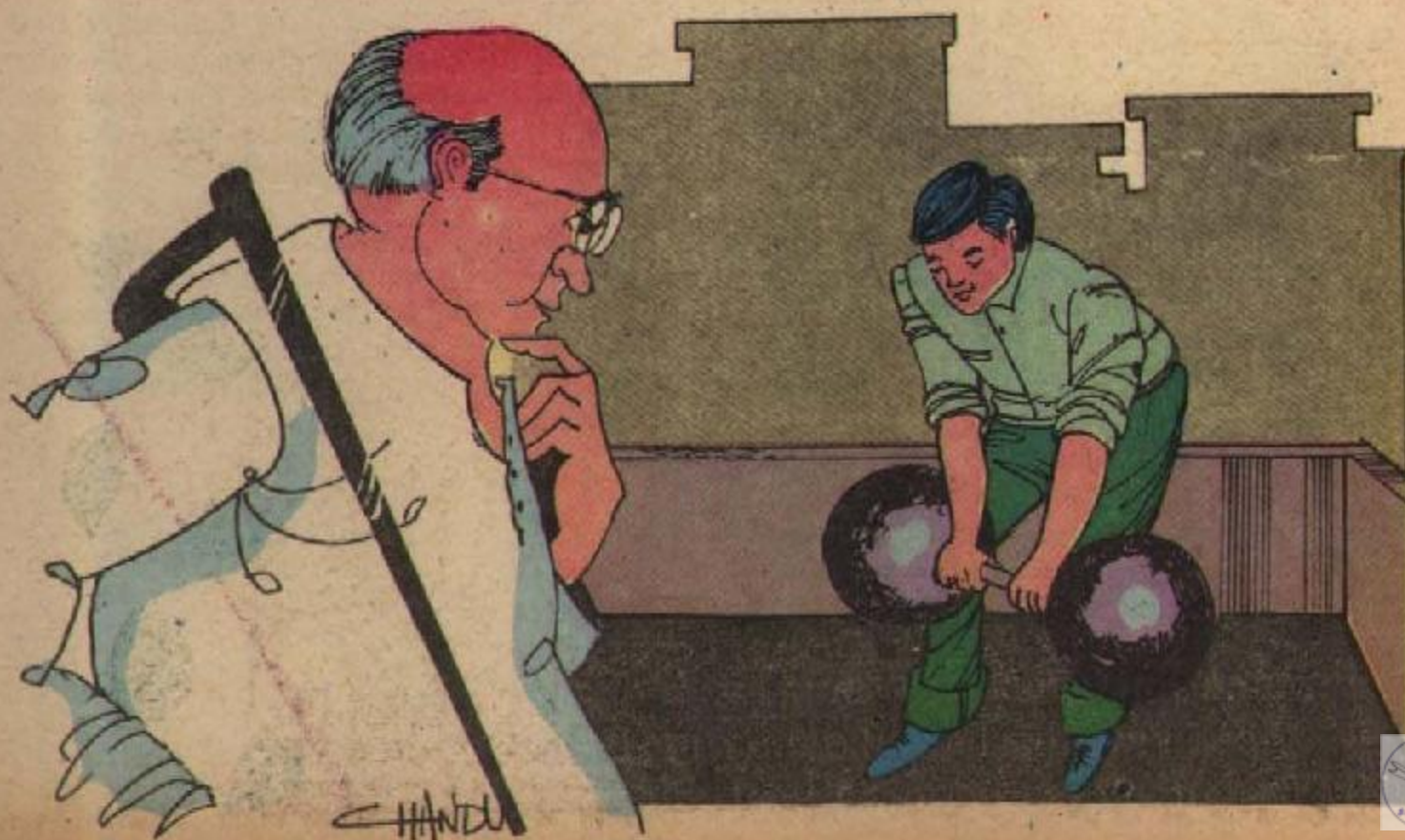
"Greater delusion? What's that, Grandpa?"

"You think that the body is yours and you have the right to neglect it. This is wrong. How much do you know of your body? The body is given to you by Providence. It is a highly sophisticated and subtle thing.

The greatest machines, the latest computers invented by men are insignificant toys before the marvel that is your body. You don't neglect the smallest machines you use—your fountain pen, your bicycle, your wrist watch or your tape-recorder. Yet you don't take care of the most magnificent machine, your body, any more than feeding it and giving it rest—the minimum which even the animals do!" Grandpa paused.

"You've made me think, Grandpa!" Rajesh confessed with a smile.

"Good. I'll like you to act now." Grandpa patted the boy on the back.



NATURE'S KINGDOM

FRIEND OF THE VULTURES

This is the Marabou stork which is often to be seen in the company of vultures feasting upon carrion

A pair of long, ungainly legs, hanging down beneath enormous wings, touch down on the outskirts of an African village. A marauding lion killed by a villager's spear lies dead upon the ground. Before the villagers could make use of its meat vultures had swooped out of the sky and descended upon the carcase.

But now a newcomer had arrived to claim its share in the feast—a Marabou stork. Marabous are often to be seen eating in the company of vultures, and this occasion is no exception. The Marabou stalks proudly towards the crowd pecking its way with its long bill through the struggling vultures until it reaches the carcase which it devours eagerly and greedily.

A feast of lion in the company of vultures is not an uncommon event in the marabou's life. But when there is no carrion to be enjoyed, it makes do with frogs, small birds and fish. It has an appetite which is not easily satisfied because it is one of the largest members of the stork family, and lives in flocks along the banks of rivers in Central Africa.

Although they are graceful in the air, the marabous walk rather stiffly along the ground, rather like soldiers on parade. For this reason, they are also known as adjutant storks. Two kinds are distinguished by the presence of a large pouch which hangs down on the front of the throat.

All kinds are characterised by a large body, thick and naked neck, by the head being either bare or thinly clad with down, and by the enormous size of the beak. This is very thick, four-sided and somewhat wedge-shaped, with a sharp point.

The whole plumage is rough and untidy-looking. There are species of marabou or adjutant storks in Africa and India. The African

species is known as "father of the leather bottle", probably because of its large pouch. In India and Burma, the genus is represented by the great Indian adjutant; while the Javan adjutant is a smaller Indo-Malay species, distinguished by the absence of the pouch in the throat.

The birds have an ancestry which goes back to prehistoric times. Remains of extinct adjutants occur in the Pliocene rocks of the north of India and in the Miocene deposits of France.

In India, the adjutants are summer visitors, arriving towards the close of the hot weather, about the end of April or May, and remaining through the rainy season until October. As a rule they breed in Burma and the Malay countries, a favourite nesting place being some lofty scarped limestone rocks called the Nidong Hills on the Attaran River to the South-east of Moulmein in Burma. A few nests have, however, been observed in India.

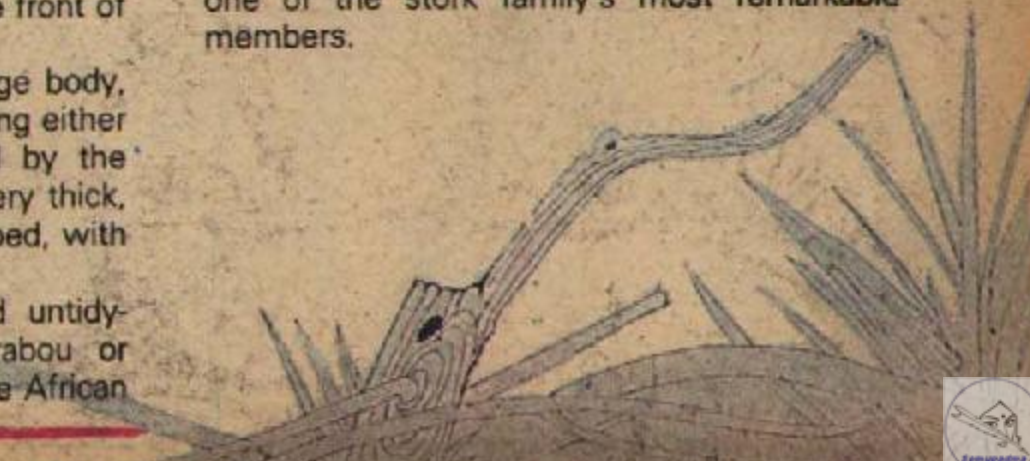
VALUABLE SERVICE

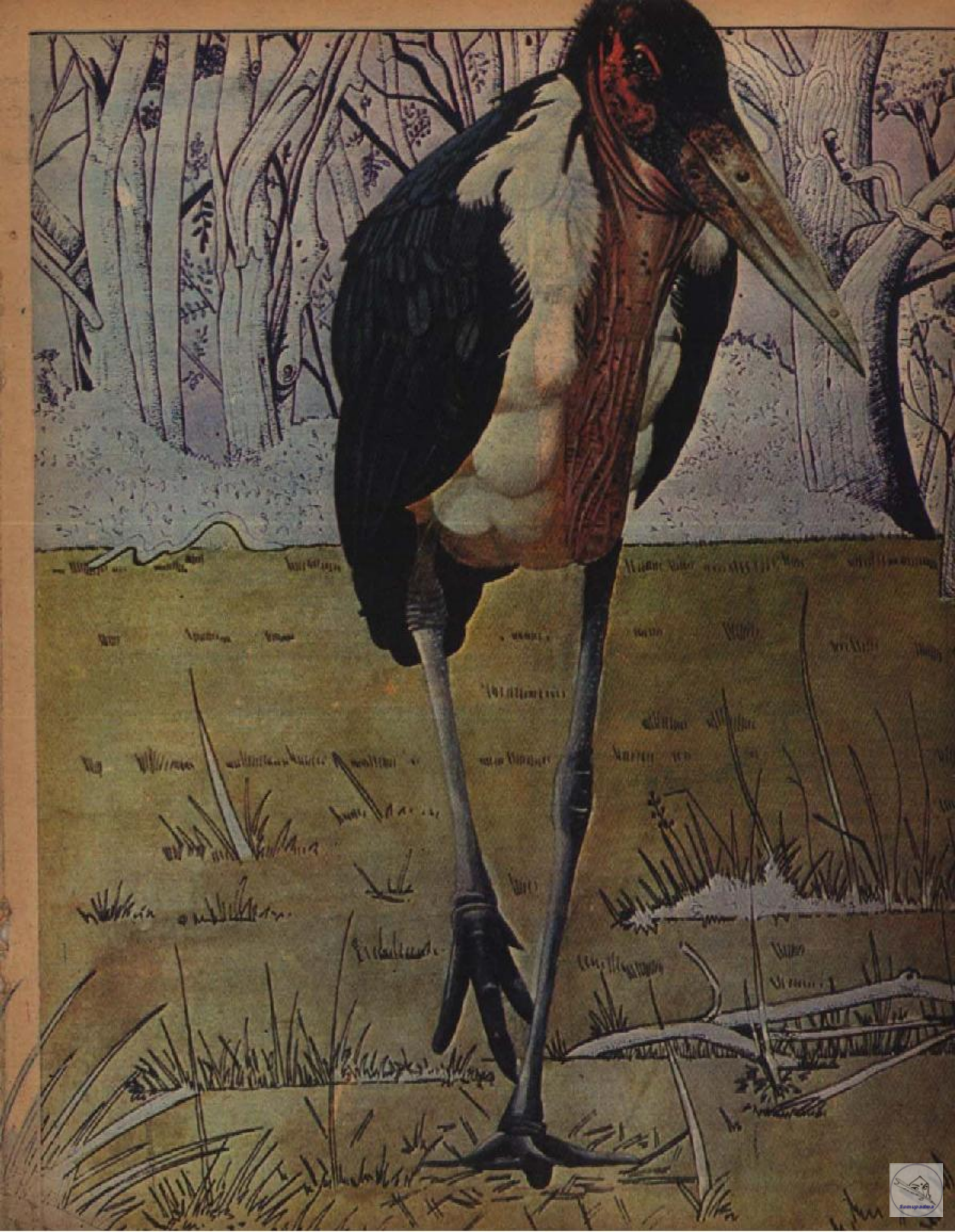
Because of their use as scavengers, these birds are of value in Indian cities. By devouring the carrion they help to destroy a potential source of disease. Everything seems to suit their appetite, from the carcase of a large animal to a dead cat, or from small birds to frogs and fish.

Adjutants generally assemble in large flocks, although in the neighbourhood of towns solitary birds may often be seen. They may be either stalking about alone or standing with outspread wings to dry their plumage, or perched on one leg while asleep on some building or tree.

Their flight, although heavy and flapping, is vigorous and powerful. They frequently soar to immense heights in the air, from which they descend to join the vultures at their feasts.

In the Nidong Hills, the adjutants nest in vast numbers in November and December. And in January, the parents may be seen feeding their young on the topmost pinnacles of their almost inaccessible rocks. There, life begins anew for one of the stork family's most remarkable members.





THE DEVIL'S FUN

There was a major theft in the city. The Sultan called all his police officers to a meeting and said, "I want the thief caught before the sunset tomorrow. You cannot trick me by arresting a vagabond from the streets and branding him as the thief. Along with the thief you must produce the stolen goods. Otherwise all of you shall lose your jobs!"

It was a stern warning. The pensive officers decided to do

their best to keep up their prestige.

They took to different disguises and dispersed in different directions. They decided to meet at noon in a tavern at the southern end of the city. There they would discuss upon their next course of action.

One of them was donning the guise of a beggar. He visited many places, rapidly walking many miles, and by noon was as tired as a fish out of water. He



saw a garden with a pond under the cool shade of a tree. He went in and had just started drinking from it when the gardener saw him. The fellow rushed upon him and took hold of him by his arms and turned the arms backward. "You beggar, you thief, who permitted you to enter the garden?" he shouted while twisting his arms.

The officer, caught in an awkward position, could not free himself. "I'm no thief, friend, I just wanted to drink a little water to save my life!" he said, crying in agony.

The gardener kicked him hard again and again, saying, "This serves you fine!"

"Please, please, have pity on me. I'm dying. If I trespassed, hand me over to the police. You can't kill me, you see!" shouted the officer.

"Teaching me law, eh? Ha!" shouted the gardener as he indulged in another kicking spree on the officer's back.

At last the fellow threw him out of the garden and went on his business, whistling and humming.

The half-dead officer managed to reach the tavern where his friends were waiting for him. His tattered and bruised condi-



tion surprised them. He told them all about the gardener's brutality. They forgot about the thief and decided to teach a lesson to the gardener.

After a hurried lunch they shed their disguises and put on their uniforms. Then they marched towards the garden. Now they were a group of police officers — feared by all.

They peeped into the garden through the gate. The gardener was talking to a little boy and seemed to be in high spirit. The officers, instead of opening the gate, scaled the wall and tiptoed forward. The gardener and the little boy did not see them be-

cause the police were approaching them from their back.

Suddenly one of the officers pounced upon the fellow and held his arms tight backward and twisted them as he had done to his colleague a little while ago.

"Oh...Oh..." cried the gardener.

"You thief, you beast!" shouted the officer who had been tortured by him.

The little boy who stood witness to this unexpected situation, blurted out, "Please have pity on my father. Don't beat him. I'll show you where the stolen goods are."

"Where?" asked the officers, hiding their astonishment.

Trembling with fear, the little boy led the police party to a corner of the pond. What lay buried there were the very property the officers were looking for!

They felt like dancing with joy. The officer who had been tortured told the arrested gardener, "The very devil who had made you steal, made you beat up a beggar quite unnecessarily some time ago. That was of course the devil's fun. But we ought to thank the devil for its second mischief, though that meant a lot of pain for me."



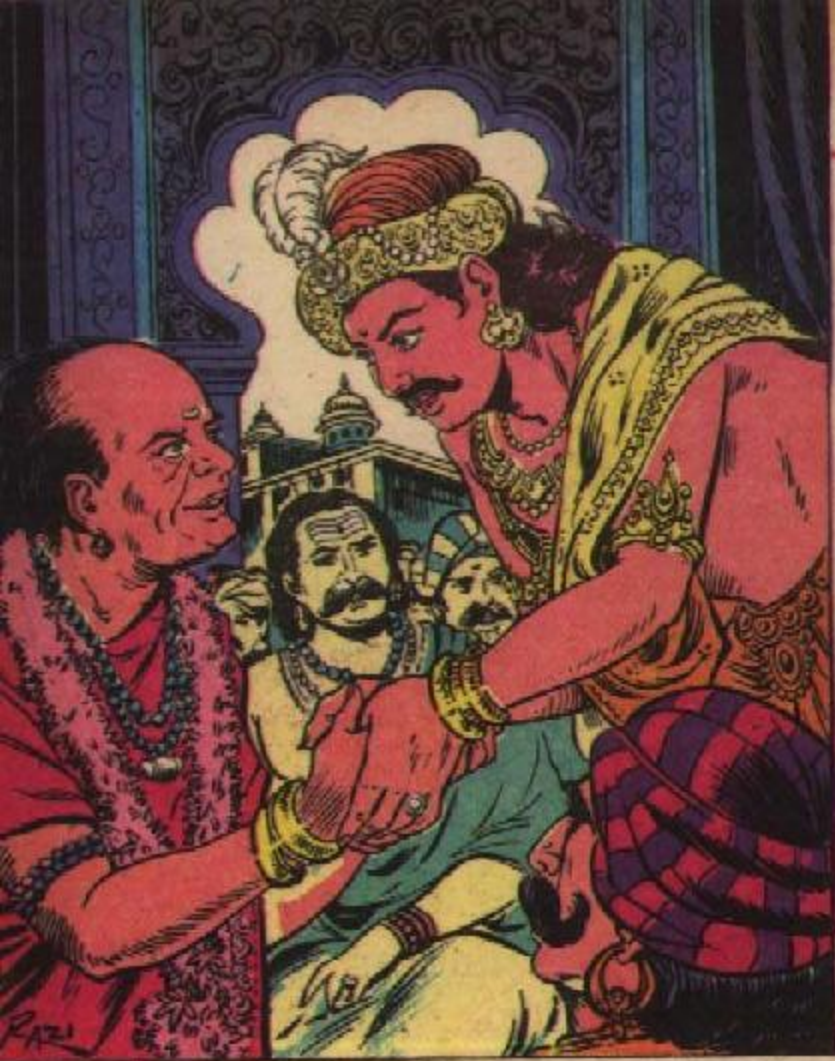


New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

THE KING'S DILEMMA

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Between the rumblings of thunder could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. Then, as soon as he began crossing the desolate ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I do not know what is the kind of glory you desire to earn through such nocturnal adventures! There are instances of kings who desire to be known as great lovers of art and poetry, though they act unwisely in that regard. Let me narrate to you the story of King Mahavahu to prove my



point. Pay attention to my narration. That ought to bring you some relief."

The vampire went on : King Mahavahu of Koshala was quite fond of music and poetry. He had a number of gifted musicians in his court, but no poet of any merit. He was looking forward to appointing a deserving man as his court-poet.

One day a wandering poet named Chaturbhuj charmed the king by his sonorous recitation of verses composed by himself. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the king. Said Chaturbhuj in a soft voice, "My lord, I am grateful to you for your appreciation of my

talent that flourished under my master, poet Somadev."

"Somadev? Is he a worthy poet?" asked the king.

"My lord, I know all the poets of the neighbouring kingdoms. I can tell you that there is none to rival Somadev save Charu Bhatta. Both are great poets," replied Chaturbhuj.

After Chaturbhuj left, the king gathered information about the two great poets. One of them lived in Kanchanpur and the other in Ratnagarh. They occasionally met to read their poetry to each other and it was a fact that all the poets of the region acknowledged them as the greatest poets of the age. The king sent special couriers and vehicles to both, cordially inviting them to his court for a few days. When they came, the king received them warmly and lodged them in two separate guest houses. He spent hours listening to their poetry and was deeply moved by them.

"I want to appoint one of the two guests as our court-poet. Apart from regaling us with poetry, the court-poet can help us spot talents among our own subjects. Will you please find out who between the two is willing to accept our offer?" the

king asked his minister.

The minister talked to the two poets separately and found out that both were willing to accept the position.

"My lord, since you feel that both of them are equally talented, you may appoint anyone!" the minister advised.

"Let us test them further," said the king. He took a bunch of Somadev's new poems to Charu Bhatta and asked him to read them. "I know that Somadev is your friend. But tell me frankly, are these poems really good? Your comment will be treated strictly confidential," he told Charu Bhatta.

Charu Bhatta read Somadev's new poems and said, "My lord, I can assure you that these are excellent poems. There is no poet who can be equal to Somadev."

The king thanked Charu Bhatta and then carried a bunch of his new poems to Somadev and asked the latter for a frank and confidential opinion.

Somadev read the poems and said, "My lord, Charu Bhatta is a genius. He has no equal. These are gems in poetry."

The king thanked him and returned to his palace. "My dear minister, I am in a dilemma.



Both the poets are not only great poets but they excel each other in the virtue of humility!"

"My lord, why not appoint just any one of them as court-poet and finish with the affair? We can send the other one home with a handsome reward!" observed the minister.

"Let me try them once again," said the king. Next day he carried a fresh bunch of Somadev's new poems to Charu Bhatta and said, "A budding scholar of my court has tried his hands at writing poetry. You, being poet, can judge and tell me if he really deserves my patronage."

Charu Bhatta glanced through the poems. His lips curled with a feeling of superiority, he said gravely, "My lord, these are ordinary verses. Well, it is not easy to master the art of writing true poetry!"

"I see. This means the writer of these verses does not deserve my attention," the king said, as if to himself.

Charu Bhatta smiled in the way of approving the king's comment.

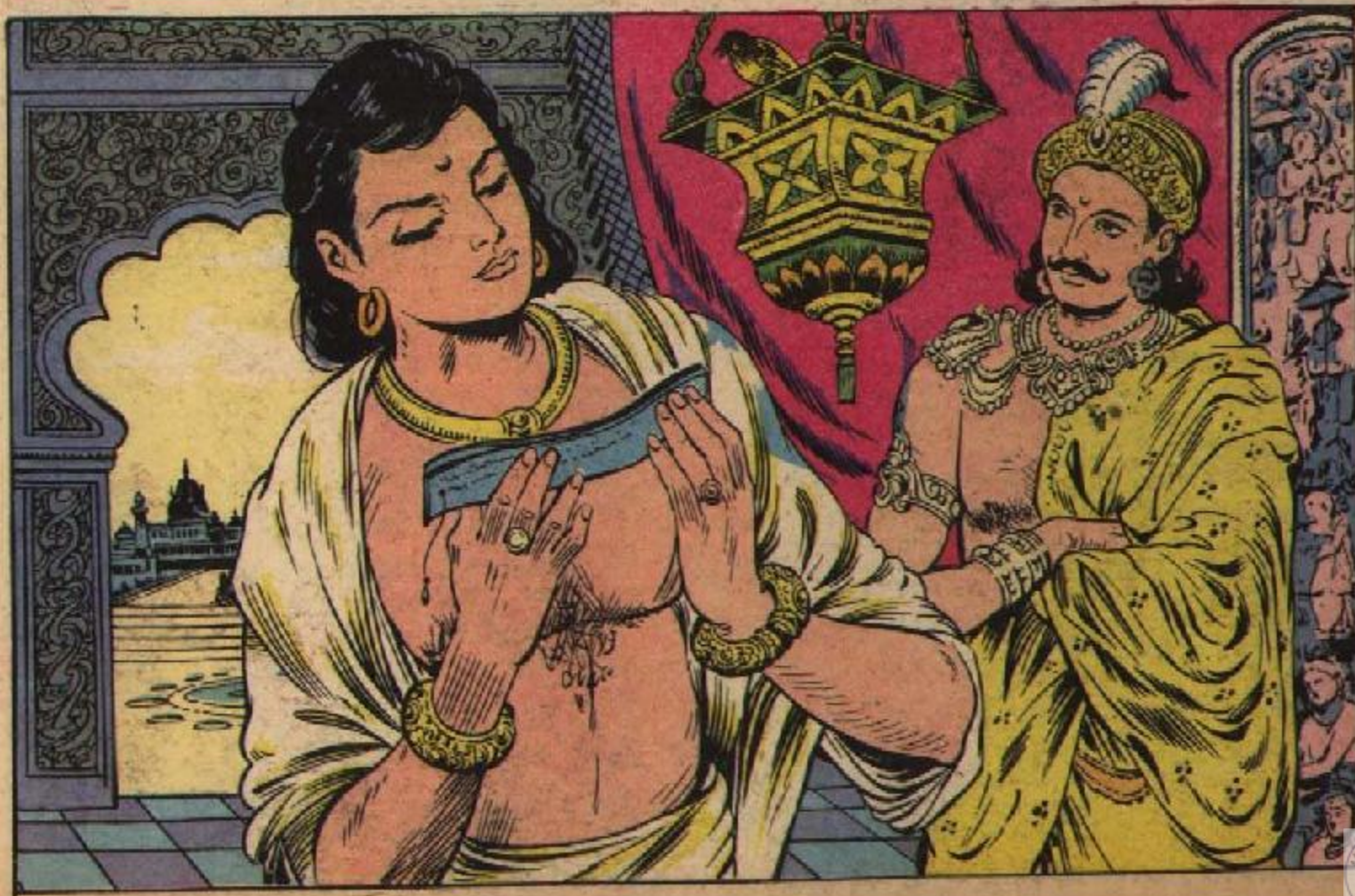
In the afternoon the king privately showed a bunch of Charu Bhatta's new poems to Somadev and said that they were written by a young poet.

"Does he deserve my patronage?" he asked.

Somadev read the poems with deep attention—not once but thrice. Then he said—his voice betraying joy and surprise, "My lord, I must congratulate you, for you are going to be the patron of a poet who is destined to outshine any living poet. If he has written this while still young, I feel excited to imagine what he would write when he has sufficiently grown!"

"Thank you," said the king and he took leave of Somadev.

Next day Charu Bhatta was given a reception and sent back home with rewards. But

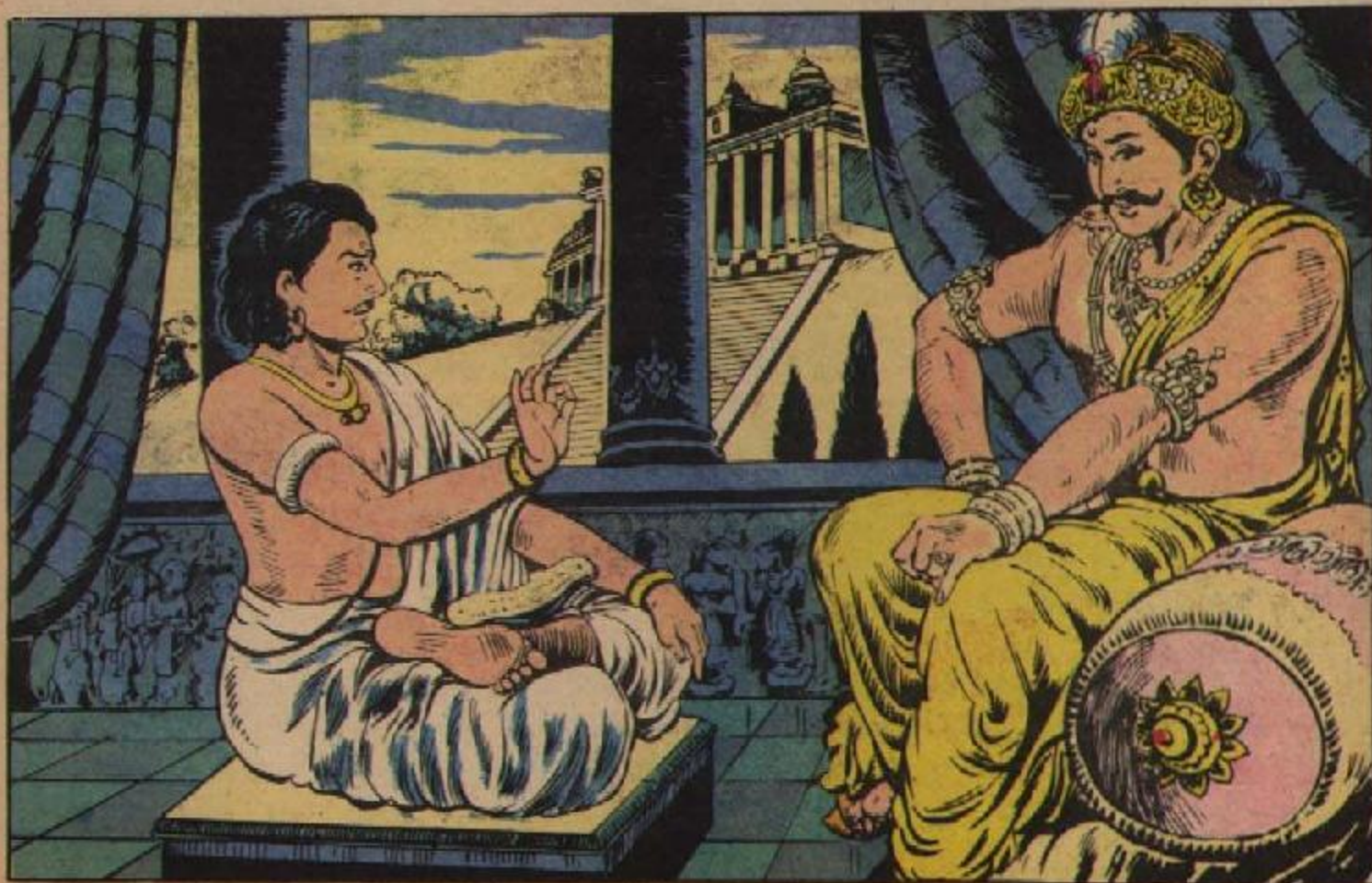


Somadev was appointed to the coveted post of the court-poet. Rewards of a house, servants, allowance and titles were heaped on him.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, when it was obvious that both Somadev and Charu Bhatta were equally gifted poets, what need had the king to waste his time on testing them again and again? What was the special gain in appointing Somadev as the court-poet instead of Charu Bhatta? Answer me, if you can, O King. Should you keep mum despite your

knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "It is true that any of the two poets would have proved brilliant as a court-poet. But we must not forget the fact that the king wanted the court-poet to spot talents among his own subjects. Poetic talent and human goodness are not the same thing. One can be a great poet, but he can be jealous in regard to other poets. Charu Bhatta was humble only in recognising the merit of Somadev who was already as famous as himself. But when the same Somadev's poems were presented to him as





ones written by a new poet, he dismissed them as unimportant. No new talent was likely to find encouragement under his stewardship. On the other hand Somadev was thrilled at recognising the mark of genius in the poems he was shown. Hence he

will meet both the needs of the office of the court-poet. He will write great poetry and encourage those who had merit!"

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

CONTEST FOR AUGUST 1983

Do you have a pet—a dog or a cat or a bird? You must have had some amusing experience with it some day. Write an account of it in 150 to 200 words. (Please make sure you do not exceed this length. State the no. of words used.)

Address entries to the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road, Madras 600 026 to reach before 15th of August. A reward of Rs 50 00 will go to the winner. When there are more than one winner, each will receive a reward of Rs 25.00.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF GAVRILO

For many years, Gavriilo had lived happily with his wife in a pleasant little village in the far North of Italy. He worked hard as a road-mender and was always pleased to reach his home after a day's work—until his wife suddenly became the most bad-tempered person in the whole district.

Why she had become bad-tempered, Gavriilo did not know. Perhaps some magic spell had made her so. She grew angry and cruel, shouting at him and scolding him every moment of the day. One morning the poor fellow lost all patience.

Picking up a stick, he was about to strike her, when she snatched the stick from him.

Beating him furiously, she cried: "I wish you were a dog!"



At once Gavriilo turned into a dog and to escape more blows from the stick he ran as far away into the woods as he could. He was feeling very sad and after roaming around here and there for some time, he decided to return home.

The welcome he got was not a very good one. His wife threw a bucket of hot water over him and drove him away.

Poor Gavriilo did not know what to do. He felt quite useless as a dog and sat down and howled miserably all through the night with only the moon for company.

In the morning, a passing

shepherd came along and when he saw Gavriilo, he looked at him for a few moments. "This dog appears to be lost and lonely," he said to himself. "I have never seen a sadder animal, but at least it looks strong enough to work for me. I will take it with me to look after my flock of sheep."

Gavriilo cheered up a little at the thought that somebody might find him useful and he followed the shepherd to where the flock of sheep grazed on the hillside. In return for food, which the shepherd gave him, he did his job of guarding the sheep very well. He sent a fierce wolf scurrying away and when eagles swooped down, intent upon snatching up a tiny lamb, he jumped at them with snapping jaws and drove them away, sometimes with less feathers than when they came.

He had a job and good food, but Gavriilo was not happy. He was always thinking about his own home and his wife, for he was still very fond of her in spite of her bad temper.

"It is no good, I will have to go back," he said.

One day he left the flock of sheep and ran back to his home,





hoping that his wife had changed. She was, however, in an even more bad-tempered mood than ever. Seeing the dog bounding towards her, she shouted at it and picked up a stick.

"Get away! Out of my sight, you annoying beast!" she cried. "Change yourself into a magpie and fly off!"

At this, Gavrilko was changed into a magpie. Flying away, not caring where he was going, he

flew straight into the net of a small boy, who had been trying to catch a wild bird for a long time.

Jumping for joy, the little lad hurried home to his father and showed the magpie to him. His father was a magician and when he looked at the magpie, he said: "I see a bird with all the usual feathers, but I also see that it is really a different creature altogether."

"What sort of creature, father?" asked the boy.

"We will find out, should we?" smiled the father and by waving his wand and saying a few magic words, he ordered the magpie to become its normal self.

In a flash the magpie vanished and Gavrilko himself stood before them, almost weeping with joy to find that he was a human being again.

"Thank you, thank you," he gasped.

Puzzled, the magician wanted to know the whole story and Gavrilko quickly told him everything. "So you have a wife who is cruel and bad-tempered," murmured the magician, when Gavrilko finished his tale. "Very well then, my friend, I will give

you my magic wand. You may use it as you wish for your own good."

Thanking him again for his kindness, Gavriilo returned to his home. Boldly he went inside. His wife had her back to

him, as she was putting wood on the fire. Before she could turn round, Gavriilo touched her with the magic wand and said the first thing he thought of, which was: "Turn yourself into a goat!"

His wife changed at once into a goat, which Gavriilo took to a stable and locked inside. "Now you can stay there without food or anything to make you comfortable," said Gavriilo. "In future I will live my own life."

He set about his road-mending work again and looked after himself at home. For a time, he was quite happy, but he began to feel very lonely without a wife to talk to. "I wonder if by now she feels sorry for what she did to me?" he thought.

Running to the stable, he unlocked the door and touched the goat with the magic wand. "You must not be an animal any longer," he said. "I would be very happy if you would once again be my wife."

In a flash, his wife stood before him, but she was greatly changed. Her eyes were filled with a look of tenderness and, kneeling down at Gavriilo's feet, she begged him to forgive her.



"My dear husband, from now on I will be a pleasant woman," she said.

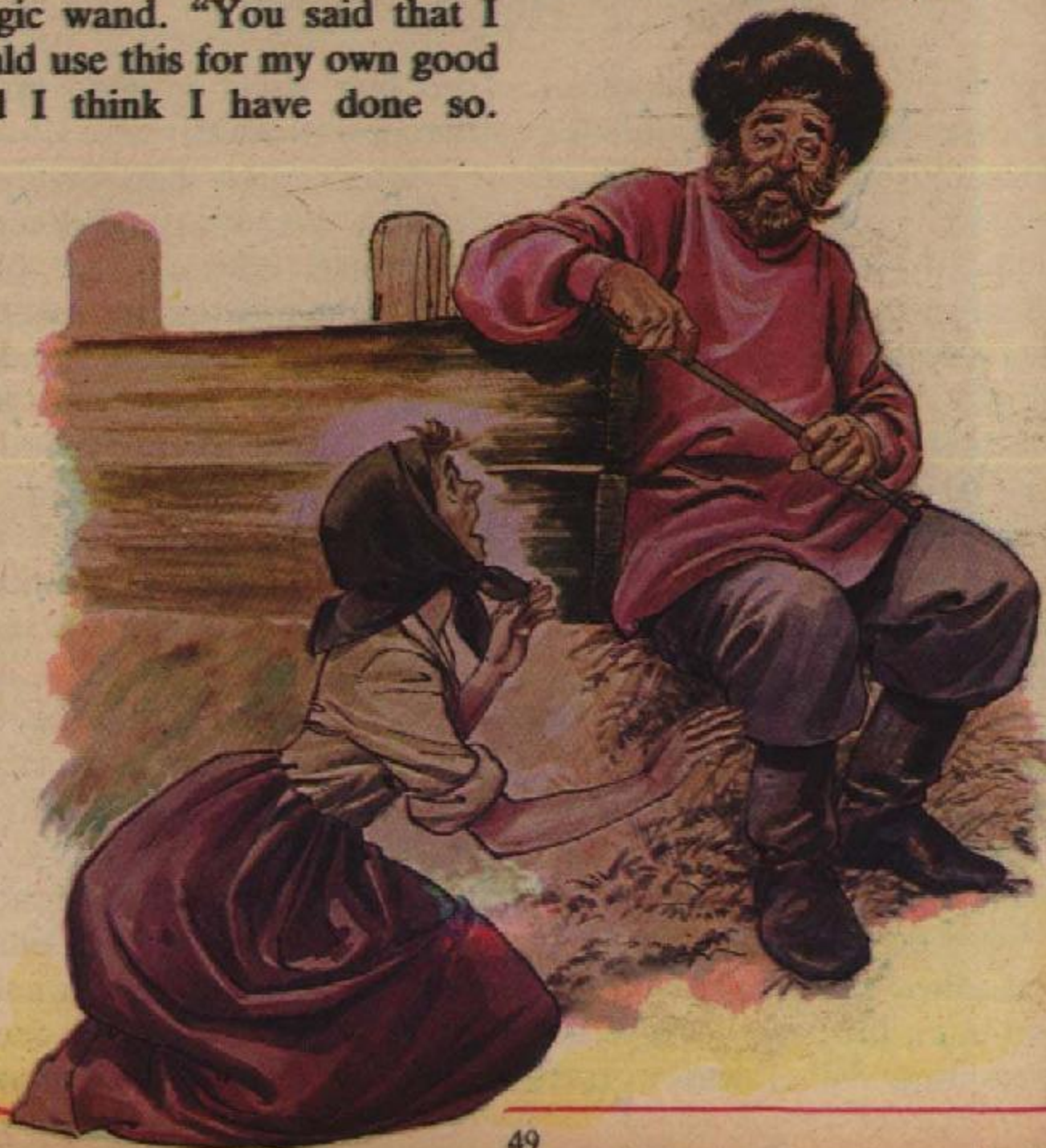
"I do forgive you," Gavriilo exclaimed.

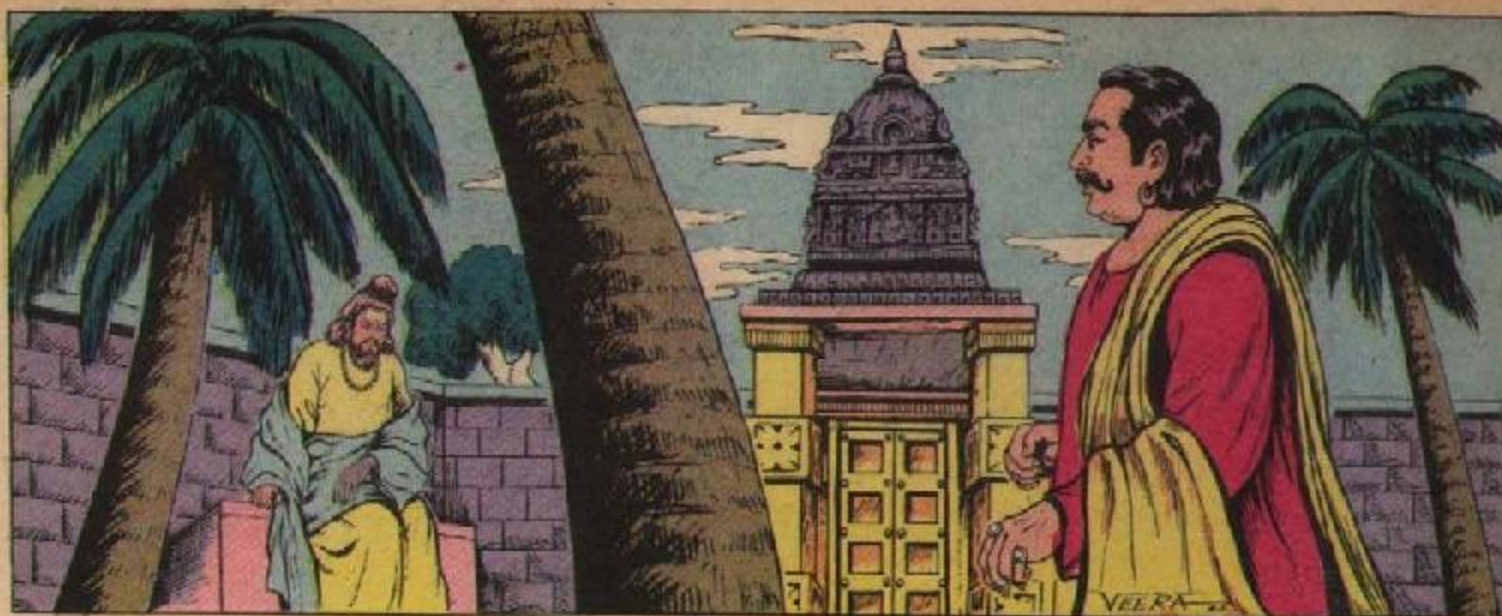
Telling his wife to go into the house, Gavriilo ran and ran until he found the magician and breathlessly told him what had happened.

"I cannot thank you enough," he gasped, handing back the magic wand. "You said that I could use this for my own good and I think I have done so.

Thank you a thousand times for your help."

With that, Gavriilo hurried back to his home, where he found his smiling wife preparing supper for them both. They sat down at the table together and ate in peace and from that day onwards there was never a cross word spoken between them. The strange adventure of Gavriilo had come to a happy ending.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

A HALF-HOUR TEST

There was a pious landlord who had built a temple for Rama and Sita. In a corner of the temple compound, under a shade, sat a stranger. The landlord observed him keenly. He had a feeling that the man was a sage. He instructed the temple cook to provide him with food every day.

His instruction was carried out without break and years passed.

The landlord died. His young son became the new trustee of the temple.

The young man never liked the sage. He had his own ideas of what a man should do and he was very proud of the fact that he was always active. He looked down upon the sage because he did nothing. What was worse,

the sage never greeted him — the new trustee!

“Don’t give him food any longer. We have no need to patronise idlers,” the young man told the temple cook.

The cook stopped supplying food to the sage who went without food for two days. On the third day he walked into the village and sought a little food from one of the households. It was gladly given him.

He did the same thing regularly. Once every day he went into the village for a short time and ate a little and returned to his familiar spot.

The new trustee was annoyed at the fact that the sage did not care to request him for food from the temple.

He could not bear the situa-

tion for long. One day he went and stood in front of the sage when nobody was nearby.

The sage smiled at him and asked him to sit down.

The young man sat down, but said sarcastically, "How comfortable it is to pass time doing nothing!"

He expected some retort from the sage, but the sage said nothing.

"What have you to say to that?" the young man demanded, losing patience.

"Won't you wait for a while?" said the sage.

The young man waited for ten minutes and since the sage said nothing, he asked, "What about my question?"

"What's the hurry, my son? Just wait!" said the sage benignly.

There was not even the slight-

est rancour in the sage's speech. The young man felt restless and changed his position several times during the next ten minutes. Then he shouted, "It is difficult for me to keep sitting like this, doing nothing!"

With a disarming smile, the sage said, "My boy, how can you say then that I am doing something easy and comfortable?"

A great change came over the young man. He realised that while he could not sit quiet even for half an hour, this man sat quiet for days together. By and by he understood that idling away time and mastering one's senses and remaining calm were not the same thing. The sage had achieved a most difficult poise through his meditation and discipline. He was at peace with himself and the world.



MARYA AND THE MAGIC DOLL

Once there lived a merchant, who had a little daughter. She was known as Pretty Marya, for she was so graceful and beautiful.

When Marya was quite small, her mother fell ill and feeling that she was dying, she gave her daughter a small doll.

"Guard it carefully and show it to no one," the mother said. "It will protect and help you."

The merchant was very lonely when his wife died and he thought that for the sake of little Marya he should get married again.

Finally, he decided to marry a widow who had two daughters of her own. The widow seemed to like little Marya, but once she was married things were quite different.

It soon seemed that nothing Marya did could please the stepmother, or her two daughters. They became more and more spiteful and unkind to poor little Marya and made her work hard at the household tasks. The fact is, they were jealous of her fine nature and fine looks.

When Marya was very unhappy, she would go to her room and tell her troubles to the little doll. The doll looked after her and protected her, as her mother had said.

When the work was too hard, or too heavy, the doll would tell Marya to go to sleep. When she woke up, next morning, the work would all be done.

Marya grew up more and more kind and beautiful, while her two stepsisters grew more and more bad-tempered and ugly.

One day the merchant set out on a long journey. While he was away, the stepmother rented a small house for herself and the three girls. It was on the edge of a deep, dark wood, in which lived a terrible old witch.

As usual, Marya had to work very hard but she did it all without complaining, only telling her little doll when she was very unhappy.

One evening, the stepmother called the three girls and gave each of them a job to do. One had to make lace, the other was



given some knitting and Marya had to spin flax into thread and make a linen.

They worked at their tasks by the light of a candle. In the fireplace, the fire burnt lower and lower and finally went out. Then the candle began to smoke. One of the stepsisters took a pair of scissors, to trim

the wick, but she trimmed it clumsily on purpose and put out the flame.

"What am I to do now?" complained the girl who was making lace. "I need light to see what I am doing."

"I need light to see my knitting needles," said the other sister, spitefully. "As the fire has gone out and we have no way of lighting the candle, Marya will have to go and ask the old witch for a flame and bring it back."

Marya trembled with fear, for the witch was said to be terrible. The two jealous stepsisters smiled secretly to themselves, for they were sure she would never return and they would be rid of the lovely Marya at last.

In her bedroom, Marya told her troubles to the doll. "Do not be afraid," said the doll. "Only take me with you and you will come to no harm."

With the doll tucked in her apron, Marya set off through the dark wood. It was night and she felt very frightened.

After what seemed a long time, a man dressed all in white and riding a white horse passed her and then the sky grew lighter as the dawn came.

Soon afterwards, a man dres-





sed in red galloped past on a red horse and soon the sun began to rise behind the trees.

All through the day Marya walked, until at last she came to the witch's cottage. As she approached, a black horseman rode swiftly by, on a black horse. Night fell as Marya entered the cottage to ask the witch for some fire.

"I will let you have it if you complete some tasks for me," she replied.

Then she told Marya that the

paths must be swept, the rooms dusted, the breakfast prepared, the washing done and seven million grains of wheat, which were mixed with seven million grains of millet, must be separated into two piles.

"If you have finished by morning, all well and good," said the witch. "If not, I shall suck your blood! Then she left Marya some thin cabbage soup and hard bread for her supper.

As usual, Marya shared her poor meal with the doll. Then the doll told her to forget all and go to sleep. When Marya woke next morning, all the tasks had been completed.

The witch was very pleased. She seated herself at the table and Marya served breakfast to her in silence.

"Are you dumb?" asked the witch.

"No," replied Marya. "I would like to ask you something."

"Ask then," said the witch and Marya wanted to know who the three horsemen were, whom she had seen in the wood.

The witch was pleased with the question, for she had expected Marya to be very inquisitive and ask about her magic or her spells, as other people al-



ways did.

She explained that the three were the clear Dawn, the red Sun and the black Night. "In return, tell me how you managed to complete all the tasks so quickly," she said.

Marya remembered her mother's warning, to tell no one about the doll, so she replied, "My mother's blessing helped me."

The witch turned pale. "Go at once," she said, shoving Marya out of the door. "Children who have been blessed are not welcome here." She thrust a burning brand into Marya's hand and sent her off home.

Marya made her way back through the forest to the little cottage, guarding the burning brand carefully and the doll saw to it that the flame did not go out.

The two stepsisters were surprised to see her, for they thought that the witch would surely have eaten her by now. They took the burning brand from her without any thanks and lit the candle.

Marya took up her work again. When her piece of linen was finished it was so fine and so beautifully embroidered that an old woman in the nearby town

bought it at once. She took it to the Royal Palace where everyone admired it so much that Marya was sent for and asked to make a coat for the king.

The king was delighted with his new coat. He sent for Marya to thank her. To his surprise she was young and beautiful. He fell in love with her at once and they were quickly married.

When Marya's stepmother and stepsisters heard of her marriage, they exploded with



rage and jealousy. The merchant, returning from his long journey, found that they had all disappeared and was delighted to be rid of his bad tempered wife.

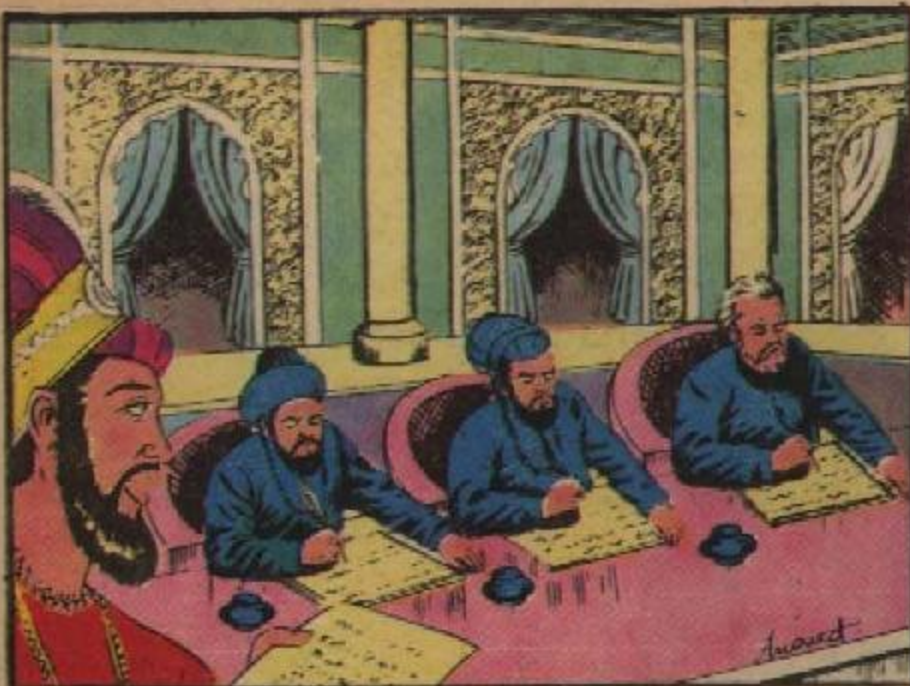
He went to live with Marya in the Royal Palace and he lived happily to a ripe old age.

The little doll which had guarded Marya so carefully went with her too and she kept it until the end of her life, in a beautiful velvet box which she had made for it, but she never told anyone about the doll, for she always remembered her mother's instructions.



STORY OF INDIA-80 AURANGZEB USURPS THRONE

Of his four sons Dara, Suja, Aurangzeb and Murad, Emperor Shah Jahan had chosen the eldest Dara to succeed him. Dara was a highly gifted prince and a scholar. He got the Vedas and the Upanishads translated into Persian.



In 1657 Shah Jahan fell ill. Dara was with him to carry out his wishes while the other three sons were scattered over the empire as the emperor's viceroys. When they heard that the emperor was dying, each of the three sons grew anxious to capture the throne.



Suja who was in Bengal declared himself the emperor and marched towards Agra with his army. This was clear treason. At Shah Jahan's order Sulaiman Siko, Dara's son, went to meet his ambitious uncle's challenge. They fought at Varanasi. Suja was defeated. He retreated to Bengal.



Aurangzeb who was in the Deccan entered into an understanding with Murad that after defeating the other brothers they will divide the empire between themselves. Murad was too innocent to see through Aurangzeb's cruel scheme. Their joint army went forward to meet Dara.

They reached Samugarh, not far from Agra, where they were confronted by Dara and victory would have been his. But his elephant got wounded. He got off it. That caused the tragedy, for his soldiers thought that he had been killed. They dispersed.



Aurangzeb rushed upon Agra and seized Agra Fort. It was a terrible summer and he stopped water supply into the fort. Even the ailing emperor found no water for drinking. His thirsty soldiers were unable to fight. The fort fell.

Aurangzeb stormed into the fort and rudely told the bedridden Shah Jahan that he had been relieved of his position as the emperor. He ought not to dare to go out of the fort or to issue any order. Shah Jahan understood that he was a prisoner.



From Agra Aurangzeb proceeded to Delhi. On his way, at Mathura, he suddenly took his younger brother and collaborator Murad prisoner. The betrayed Murad was helpless. Later on Aurangzeb put him to death. This terrible treachery stunned many and they began to hate Aurangzeb.

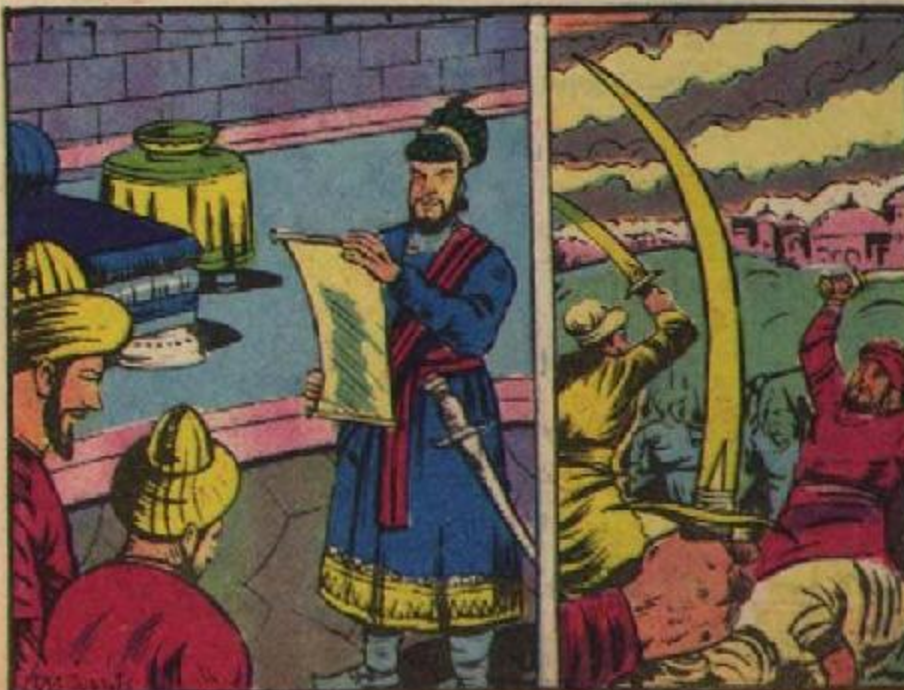
Aurangzeb declared himself the emperor after reaching Delhi. He took the title *Alamgir* or the Conqueror of the World! On one hand he expanded the empire, but on the other hand, because of his fanaticism, suspicion and religious intolerance he paved the way for the downfall of the Mughal empire.





Dara fled to the north-western frontier and took shelter in the house of one Jiwan Khan whom he had once saved from death. There he spent his time in peace and study. But Jiwan Khan, in order to be in Aurangzeb's good books, betrayed him. Dara was captured, brought to Delhi and beheaded.

Suja who fled to the Arakan hills was never heard of again. It is believed that he was killed by the natives of the Arakans. Dara's son, Sulaiman was treated to poison and dispensed with. At last there remained none to contest Aurangzeb for the throne.



But Aurangzeb had no peace of mind. In a short time reports reached him of rebellions and challenges from several parts of the empire. In his fort itself he trusted none and hardly anybody loved him. The first banner of revolt was raised by the Jat peasants around Mathura.

STRANGES FROM A SUN-LESS LAND?

Not far from the village of Banjos in Spain was a hill. Villagers did not frequent the hill often, but the area was not a total wilderness.

One day in 1887 some villagers were passing by the hill when they saw a boy and a girl coming out of a cave. The villagers were surprised. The two children did not belong to their village or to any other village nearby. The villagers called out to them. They heard the villagers, but did not respond in words. They looked too bewildered to even make any gesture.

The villagers went closer to them. To their surprise they saw the skin of the boy and the girl to be as green as tender leaves or rain-washed grass. The clothes they put on were made of some strange stuff—totally unknown to the textile world of Spain of the time.

The villagers could know that the two children had taken no food for at least a day or two. They brought them to their village, almost lifting them bodily. Then they tried to treat them to the best dishes they could afford. But the boy and the girl



did not recognise any of these items. For five days they touched no food as nothing looked familiar to them. At last the only food they could be induced to take were the beans.

But the boy died in a few days.

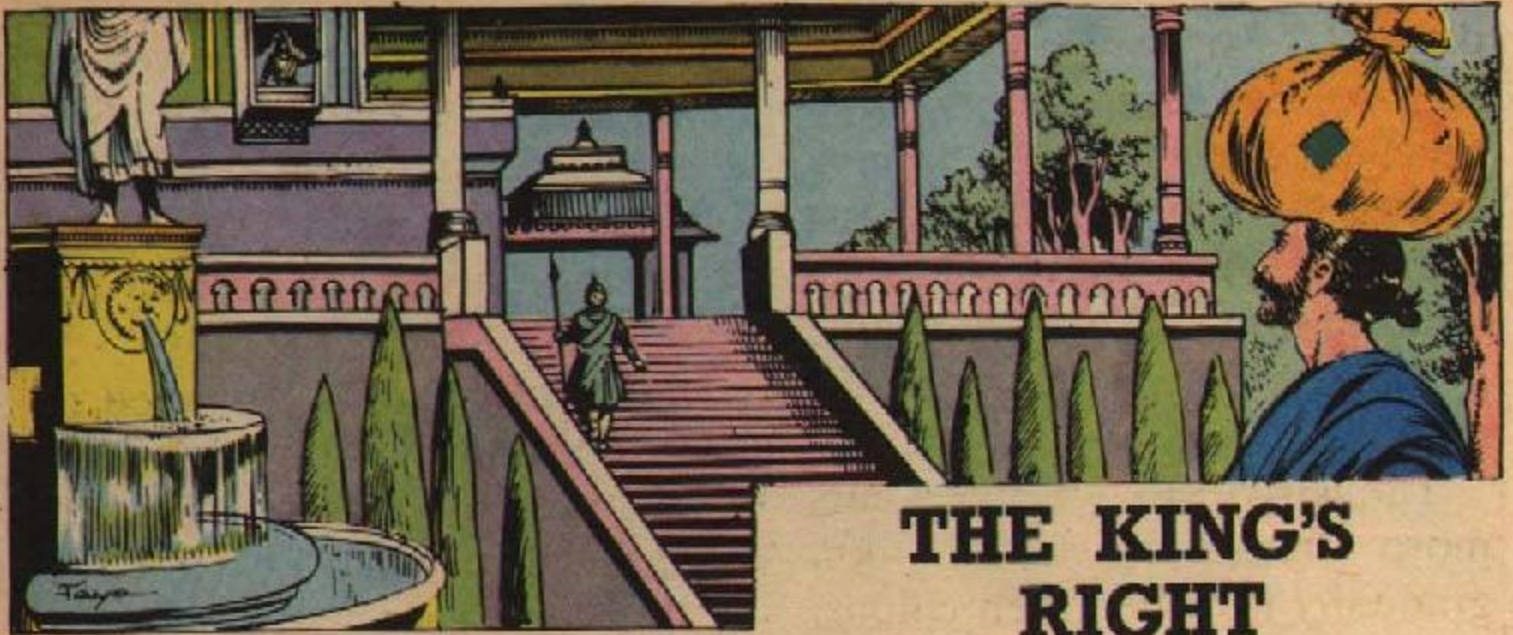
The girl lived for five years more during which her skin gradually lost the green colour. She learnt Spanish and began to speak about her land—where the sun was never seen. She remembered having seen a dazzling landscape beyond a river that was the boundary of her land. The sun perhaps shone over that faraway horizon.

How did she and the boy come into the cave? All she remembered was a terrible

whirlwind struck their dwelling and whisked them away. She lost consciousness. When she regained her sense, she found herself on a rock in front of the cave, along with the boy.

Had the incident occurred in our times it would have immediately brought experts into the picture. They would have made a thorough scientific probe into it. But the 19th century was a different age. Although the green children caused a wave of sensation all over Spain and so many came to see the girl who survived the boy, no proper investigation was made to find out what the girl really meant. Their sudden appearance in Spain remains a mystery forever.





THE KING'S RIGHT

Once upon a time there was a king who was most truthful and humble.

He had made a very unusual rule. If anybody appeared before the palace early in the morning and offered to sell something, he bought it himself at the price quoted by the seller. This he did so that no trader in his kingdom suffered from a total loss. He believed that as long as the country's trade and commerce were sound, the people will enjoy prosperity.

There was an extremely poor man in the kingdom. "People sell so many things to the king. Why should I not dispose of my poverty to him and begin a new life with the value I get?" he thought. He made a bundle of his tattered blanket, worn-out pair of shoes and a torn piece of cloth and appeared before the

palace and shouted, "Poverty for sale!"

The king was surprised. But he asked the man through his window, "What is the price?"

"Five thousand rupees, my lord," replied the poor man.

The king directed the palace superintendent to pay him the money and to deposit the bundle in his store-room.

At night a luminous figure appeared before the king in his dream. "My son, I am Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth. But I'm leaving you—for you purchased poverty."

"My mother, you were with me out of your own kindness. Who am I to stop you should you decide to leave?" said the king.

Goddess Lakshmi left. Soon thereafter another figure appeared to him and introduced





herself as the Goddess of Fame. "I'm going, for without wealth fame is impossible." Next to appear was the Goddess of Honesty. She said, "I must go away, for you are likely to become dishonest when you are poor!"

There were some more. The king did not stop any of them. The last to appear was the Goddess of Truth. "How can I be here all alone when all my sisters are gone? I am leaving you, my child!"

The king at once sat up in his dream. "How can you desert me, Mother? Is it not for your sake that I purchased poverty—in order to prove that I was truthful to my rule? Have I ever shown any disrespect to Truth?

Have I not earned the right to stop you from leaving me?" he demanded.

The goddess hesitated and then smiled. "My son, it is true that you have always honoured me. Surely, you've the right to stop me. Very well, I'll not leave you." The goddess went back into the palace.

To his amazement and joy, the king saw all the other goddesses coming back. They smiled and said, "We thought that when we leave, the Goddess of Truth too will leave. But since she did not, we had to come back, for we do not feel happy without her."

The king bowed to the goddesses and he woke up from his sleep.

**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA
BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER
WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT**

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr.K.S.Vijayaker



Mr.Pranlal Patel

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for June '83 goes to:—

Mr. R.Suresh, H.No.3-4-75,
Lingampally, Hyderabad 500 027.

The Winning Entry:— 'Laudable Action'—'Audible Emotion'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth glancing at.

—Oscar Wilde.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation.

—James Freeman Clarke.

Truth is the object of philosophy, but not always of philosophers.

—John Churton Collins.

Raju paints without brush

Raju Paints without brush.

Raju was a clumsy boy. He liked to paint no doubt. But always used to spill water from the bowl, smudge the floor, spoil his hands and clothes.

Which mother would tolerate such things? 'No more painting' said his mother.

Mohan felt sorry for Raju

He showed him his box of oil pastels.

No water, no brush, no spilling and smudging.

Just pick the pastels from the box and start drawing — what a range of colours!

Parrot green, Lobster orange
Peacock blue, Sunflower yellow
and many many more.

Now Raju's mother too has bought him a box of oil pastels.



VISION 792

camel

OIL PASTELS

Available in
12, 24 & 48 shades



CAMLIN PVT. LTD.,
ART MATERIAL DIVISION
BOMBAY 400 059



FROM MAKERS OF CAMLIN
UNBREAKABLE PENCILS

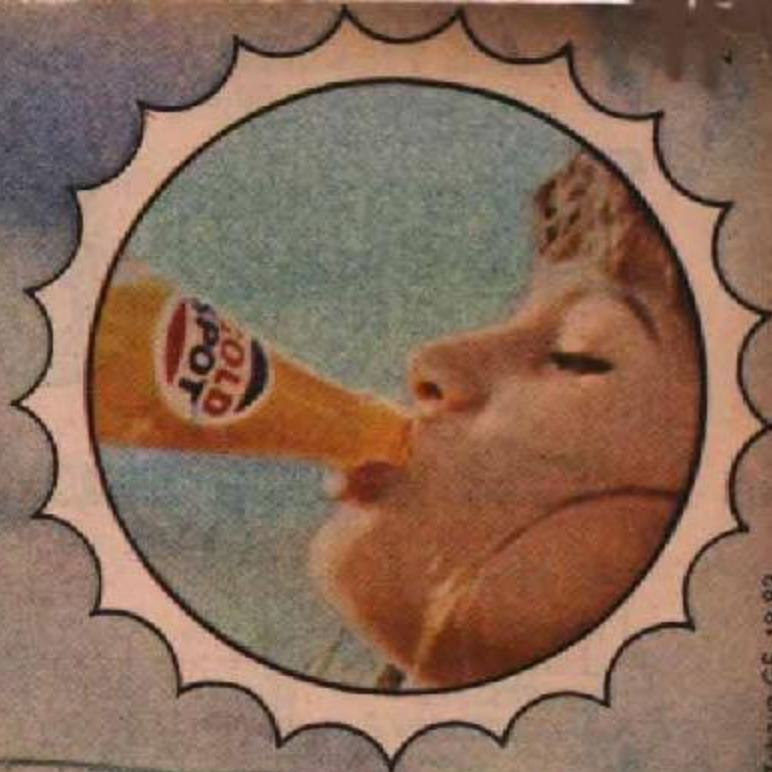


Results of Chandamama—Camlin Colouring Contest No. 30 (English)

1st Prize: Master Arupadatt, Kishnagar. 2nd Prize: Kumari Sagarika, Bhubaneswar-4. Biraja Mohan Chandak, Kendrapara. Miss Prashanti Palekar, Bombay-57. 3rd Prize: Kum. Shobhana Unny, Type II-284. Sunil B. Patil, Kolhapur. Sajit Thomas, Bombay-54. Miss Vinanti Cherian, Dombivli. Anit Janardhan Chiddawar, Digras. Roshnil Saxena, Bombay-49. Ajitha B. Pillai, Bombay-400 104. Parthasarathy, Bombay-400 008. Vinod C.M., Dombivli E.



Hooray! Hooray! It's a Goldspotting day!



Timothy GS-18-83



NO PRIZING
COULD EVER DO ME JUSTICE.
BUT KEEP TRYING.



I SEE THAT
USING YOUR MOUTH
CAN ALSO BE
AN ART!

WE'RE ALL
GOLDSPOTTERS

WE'RE GOING
GOLDSPOTTING

HURRY!

THERE'S
A BIG BEAR HUG
FOR THE WINNER!



Fun means Goldspotting



Ram & Shyam

The lucky number

50

WHERE ARE YOU GOING SHYAM? WHAT'S THE SPECIAL DAY?

OH! TODAY IS MY TEACHER'S 50TH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT DID YOU GET SHYAM, FOR MATHS TEST?

OH! I GOT 50 OUT OF 50. ISN'T THAT FAB!

SCHOOL

DID YOU SEE THAT NEW MOVIE THAT'S BEING SHOWN?

NO! BUT I'M GOING NOW IN THE NO. 50 BUS TO TOWN.

SEEMS LIKE 50 IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER TODAY.

HMM! LET'S GET SOME POPPINS BEFORE THE MOVIE - OKAY?

DID YOU HEAR THAT - THE PRICE OF POPPINS HAS FALLEN.

YES, DAD DID MENTION THAT THE PRICE OF SUGAR'S DROPPED

NOW ONLY 50 PAISE (45 PAISE PLUS LOCAL TAXES)

PARLE POPPINS

ONLY POPPINS HAS SILVER STRIPES, SO THE IMITATORS CAN'T FOOL YOU.

SO GATHER ROUND, WE'VE A TALE TO TELL.

FROM 60 PAISE TO 50 PAISE THE PRICE OF POPPINS FELL.